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Essays, English

177
17

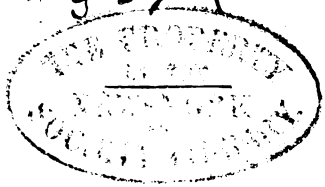
CAMBRIDGE TRIFLES

OR

SPLUTTERINGS FROM AN UNDERGRADUATE PEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAY OF MY LIFE AT ETON," ETC.

[George A. Banks.]



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I REPUBLISH these sketches of some of the more trifling incidents that go to make up the inner life at Cambridge,* in the hope that having served to amuse the Cambridge world when issued separately and one by one, they may to some degree answer the same purpose for the public in general when taken all together. I will not dilate on their merits—I leave it for others to do that—or their object; I will merely point out that they do not profess to have any particular plot: they may be read consecutively or unconsecutively; as connected or unconnected; in fact, that the book as a whole is one that may be taken up at any moment—or laid aside.

* It may be worth while for the American publishers to explain that the Cambridge referred to is not that on the Charles River, but the not less worthy institution on the Cam.

CONTENTS.

EGOISTICAL ESSAYS.

		PAGE
I.	"ME"	9
II.	MY ROOMS	20
III.	FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS	35
IV.	LECTURES	53
V.	"GATED"	66
VI.	THE MAY WEEK	77
VII.	MY MODEL COLLEGE	89
VIII.	HALL, AND OTHER THINGS	97

ΣΠΕΡΜΟΛΟΓΟΣ.

I.	IN THE TRAIN	109
II.	ON READING	118
III.	ON THE LENT RACES	128
IV.	ON THE FRESHERS	138
V.	AT LUNCH	152

		PAGE
VI.	BACK AGAIN—MAY TERM . .	162
VII.	ON EARLY RISING, ETC. . .	170
VIII.	ON MUSIC	180
IX.	ON PEOPLE—ESPECIALLY TOYLER'S .	190
X.	ON FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AND ÆSTHETICISM	204
XI.	IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY . .	214
XII.	ON GOING DOWN—GOOD-BYE .	225

A LEGEND OF * * * * * * * * * * * . 235

EGOISTICAL ESSAYS.

(*Cambridge Review, May Term*, 1880.)

I.

"ME."

THIS is an age of Memoirs; everybody who is anybody, and a great many besides who are nobodies, on their decease, or at some crisis in their career, have somebody else who makes it his or her business to write their Memoirs; to rummage up their old letters, invitations to parties, files of bills receipted or unreceipted, or any other odd papers that they may have left about; to ascertain if they had an ancestry, or to account for the fact of their not having had any in particular, making deficiencies in this respect only serve as an extra glorification; to fill up the intervals between the dates of the written records that they have been able to collect with anecdotes, good or bad, extracted from old gardeners, nurses, shop-

keepers, or others who may from time to time have been brought into contact with their hero; to speculate on their inward thoughts as illustrated by the incoherent contents of their memorandum books; and, finally, to make out of sometimes very scanty materials an excellent history, often running into two volumes octavo, from which a moral may be drawn, and which may serve as a ground whereon to base their assertion of what a great man or woman the person of whom they are writing was, is, or might have been, had it not been for the inevitable decree of fortune that the world should know little of its greatest men.

Now, these things being so, and foreseeing difficulties with regard to the writing of my Memoirs, I wish, with a view to giving posterity as little trouble as possible in their researches, to get beforehand with the great work, and to put certain notes of my life and times into shape before they are scattered into various nooks and corners. When Samuel Pepys wrote his diary, he little thought that the time would

come when it would serve as one of the best records of the inner life of the period in which he lived; but now we are more experienced, and we know that we are making history, and that every thing that is written stands its chance of sharing in the illustration of our present customs to a future generation. Who knows that when the typical New Zealander arrives in England, and, as Herodotus of old among the ancient monuments of Egypt, devotes his inquiries to the University life of past races, he may not in the course of his excavations among the ruins of Cambridge, come upon the fragments of this manuscript in the *débris* of what will be supposed by the learned to have once been "The Emporium of the Purveyor Mattheos" (or as deciphered by others, who will have favorite theories of their own about the use of the *digamma*, on the brass slab discovered near the same spot, "Ma*F*eof")? Then he will cry "Eureka!" and convey his treasure home in triumph to the venerable Society of Antiquaries of the New

World; the heads of sages will be laid together, the characters, though much obscured, evidently by grease, will be made out, and an interesting paper will be read to the learned body on "University Life at Cambridge, by some supposed to be more properly Barneville, or Barnival, in the Nineteenth Century." Afterward the manuscript will be taken in hand by another learned circle, who will fill up the gaps with plausible conjectures, and the work will be established as a school classic with valuable notes by the best Scholiasts of the day.

But I am getting rather ahead with my anticipations, and must return to my more immediate subject, viz., "Me."

Perhaps it would be best first to say a few words about my ancestry. I come of a fine old stock, and we are extremely proud of our pedigree. It extends over several generations, and is only interrupted by the top having been burnt off in a fire that is traditionally supposed to have taken place B.C. somewhere, when one of my ancestors, then resident in the East, was

engaged in a dispute about some property with a neighboring duke of the name of Timnath. Not long afterward my forefathers were forced to migrate into this country, owing to an unjustifiable encroachment on the family estates by a wandering nation from somewhere in the south. This immigration is believed to have taken place a little prior to that of Brutus, the son of Æneas. Since then various members of the family have distinguished themselves in the different movements of their respective periods, it having long been the boast, till within the last fourteen or fifteen generations, that only two of the heads of the race had died in their beds. But those glorious times are passed, and for the last few centuries the energy of my forefathers has been forced, in accordance with the degenerate spirit of the age, to devote itself to the subtler forms of politics, only enlivened by an occasional rebellion or execution. Three generations ago they held a seat in Parliament for one of the most notorious pocket-boroughs in the kingdom, and, true

to their respect for old institutions, lent all their aid to the resistance of the Anti-Corn Laws and Reform Bill. However, fortune, in her fickleness, decreed against them, and it now only remains for me to support the honor of the family by other means. In those good old times if any one interfered with my ancestors' interests they said "Beshrew me," and scored him on the costard with a partisan or a demi-culverin, and he generally did not care to say any more on the matter, but this is an age of words and intrigues, and my study has now to be in what manner the new forces that place themselves in our way have to be struggled with.

I do not know whether it comes under the heading of Biology, or Psychology, or Physiology, or what, but I have observed in the course of my existence, so far as it has yet extended, that though life has clearly only one ending, yet, according to one's elders, it has many beginnings. First, there is the beginning proper, when one first what the poets call sees light;

secondly, on first going to school, one's uncle tips one and tells one that this is the beginning of life; and then there is the change to the public school, and the parental warning that this is the first step into life; and the last beginning I experienced was when I first came up here. The drama of life has begun, and for the present I am the principal person of the drama.

Of my personal appearance of course it is hardly for me to judge. I am rather below than above the middle height, but I feel that there is in my general deportment a something that quite compensates for any thing that nature has denied me. My features cannot, I believe, be denominated regular, but by their very variety they afford greater facilities of expressing more than one feeling at the same time. My hair is of a yellowish-browny tinge, with a suspicion of green, and my hands and feet bear evidences of a great power latent somewhere about me. Of course a certain amount of dress is necessary, though I

do not consider dress as the one object of life. Personally, I look upon it as more of a trouble than otherwise, and were it not for a desire to live in harmony with my fellow-beings, I should prefer to return to the light and inexpensive attire of our primitive fathers. There is a monotony about putting on clothes in the morning and taking them off at night that tells on one after twenty years or so. Perhaps when I have attained to a position that will enable me to carry them out, this may be included amongst the many reforms that I intend to introduce into society.

But it is not so much on the influence of my outward beauty that I wish to depend as upon the inward resources of an *embryo* great mind. The wise man, I forget which of the seven, or else it was the son of Sirach, an accommodating person on whom it is always justifiable to father foundling sagacious remarks, has said, "Know thyself." I have acted on his advice, and have made myself my especial study. It has also been observed

that no one ought to judge by first appearances, and that a lengthened acquaintance often serves to remove unfounded prejudices. I endorse that remark. Another person has laid down as an axiom, though I conclude in somewhat later days, as travelling is a comparatively modern movement, that the best way of judging of anybody's character is to travel alone with him for three weeks. I had occasion to go abroad by myself for two months last year. I had a very pleasant time of it.

There are certain points in my character which some people may consider open to dispute. Provided that my interests are not seriously affected, I am generally very ready to give way to everybody. I have heard this attributed to indolence; I prefer myself to call it amiability. But, on the other hand, if I think my dignity or my desires for human welfare compromised by the unreasonable demands of a *soi-disant* authority, I am very firm in the support of my own principles against

all arguments. This is by some called obstinacy; I consider it proper pride. I despise the vanities of human life, especially when they are out of my reach, but I submit to many of them out of feelings of charity to my neighbors. I have a stern sense of my duty, and having come to the conclusion that it is to be happy, avoid any thing that may inconvenience me. I have a conscience, and am on very good terms of mutual accommodation with it. I am desirous of interfering with nobody who does not interfere with me, and, to sum up, my great wish is to give and take, with as little trouble as possible, and not to set up to be worse or better than I can help than any one else.

My habits are regular, and considering the many distractions of University life, I flatter myself that I manage to keep up a very tolerable average of work *per diem.* My health is good, though with a slight tendency to biliousness, which has to be kept off by a persistent regularity of exercise and a strict adherence

to diet. When the grosser part of my nature asserts itself, and I neglect these necessaries, the worse half of my disposition appears, and I am not at home to visitors. However, this is not the case now, and just at present I feel in an excellent temper with myself and all around me.

II.

MY ROOMS.

I MUST acknowledge that it was contrary to all precedent, but on my first arrival here I am afraid I did not fulfil my duty as a Freshman by relapsing into a primitive state of innocence, and by allowing myself to be made the victim of a series of petty jokes and swindles such as an average private schoolboy would scorn to have practised on him. On the contrary, I immediately acquired a large stock of ready-made experience, second-hand indeed, but none the less valuable for that, and perhaps even improved, as all those sorts of things are, by age.

Using this as a basis, and acting on the principle of never believing any thing that I was told until I had safe proofs of the credibility

of my informers, I have hitherto managed to get on pretty well. I was a little awkward at first in my commercial transactions, but the lordly air with which I can now go into a grocer's shop and order in a pound of short sixes, or grumble on the recent rise of a half-penny in the pound in the price of sugar, surpasses description.

I came up possessed of a certificate, obtained at my public school by a judicious system of concealment from the Examiners of how little I knew, while at the same time I carefully utilized my resources in a manner calculated to make them suppose that I had a great deal more in the background. Thus I escaped the perils of Matriculation, and immediately proceeded to grasp my new situation.

Owing, perhaps, to the authorities not having had long enough notice to make special provision for me, I was informed on application to the Tutor that suitable rooms in College were at present not forthcoming, but he undertook to find me lodgings, and then wrote

to put me into correspondence with my future landlady. With a prudence that will be one of the most prominent points in my character when my biography is written, not wishing to delay until the last moment, I opened negotiations considerably before the beginning of term as to what I should be required to find in the way of furniture.

I don't know whether the landlady took me for an idiot, or for some young spendthrift ready to lavish my money right or left, or for both combined, but the list of necessaries she returned was one such as is not to be seen every day. She evidently was not one to allow any opportunity to pass of re-stocking her house, fixtures and all, where a chance, likely or not, presented itself. Coal-scuttles, slop-pails, dust-pans—I forget the exact articles,—but I won't be positive that there wasn't a new kitchen range with all accessories included. I was prepared for a good deal, but this was rather too much, and accordingly I replied in an epistle teeming with all the other people's

wisdom and experience, which, as they had in many cases presented me with it gratuitously, I considered I had a right to use as my own, and let the landlady have *my* opinion of what the contents of a well-ordered set of furnished apartments ought to be.

The letter was the result of much laborious thought and many revisions, but it bore marks of my ready powers of argumentative sarcasm, and I flattered myself that the general style ought to have withered that landlady up. However, it didn't, and her answer was even more sarcastic, giving me almost to understand that she didn't much care if I went somewhere else,—I mean, to some other rooms. She evidently wasn't sufficiently impressed with my name—some people are so behind in the affairs of the world,—so I shifted my residence and dated my letters from a place where the note paper had a very imposing address stamped on the corner.

The style of this letter was more diplomatic; it gave hopes of a compromise, but I still held

out firmly against coal-scuttles and dust-pans. The landlady wavered, and gave up coal-scuttles and dust-pans. Then I moved again to a little country seaside place, and bought a sheet of paper with some specimen arms emblazoned on it in blue and gold, out of the village shop. This time I stipulated against slop-pails and water-cans. Result: complete submission of the landlady and a humble acceptance of my ultimatum.

I sent on the possessions that I was going to bring up, books, crockery, etc., by instalments, in a series of packing-cases, each the size of an average coffin, and with careful directions that they were not to be touched until I came up myself. After these had been coming in at intervals of two or three days for about a fortnight, I appeared myself and took possession. I was enthusiastically received by the landlady and by the whole of the land-family, and then I dismissed them and sat down to reflect on the cares of housekeeping.

I suppose that the Tutor had not allowed for the changes that have taken place in our fortunes, and so took it for granted that none of our family ever stirred anywhere without a coach, for the rooms he had found me were, to say the least of it, a reasonable Sunday afternoon's walk from College. However, perhaps this had its advantages, as it prevented casual loungers dropping in to waste their time and mine in needless sociability. And lying, as the rooms did, in the more rural parts of Cambridge, there was always a certain amount of country air ensured even on the busiest days.

When once there, as far as the actual rooms went, which was not very far, there was nothing particular to complain of. In the sitting-room there were a window and a door, both practicable, and a fire-place, also practicable under certain conditions of the wind; there were no marked defects in the ceiling, and the paper and carpet, though perhaps not altogether beautiful, at least could be styled striking. The bedroom was much the same, only per-

haps a little more liberally ventilated. As for the furniture, I saw from the first moment of entering my new abode, that there would have to be great alterations. I found a centre table, a sofa, a piano, a small table with wonderfully situated flaps, and enough chairs to seat a small temperance meeting. That was all. I inquired for a writing-table and a bookcase; also a side-board as essential to comfortable living. The landlady being of an adaptive and evidently not of an enthusiastically musical turn of mind, suggested that the pianoforte—pronounced P and O fort—would serve, if not used for purposes of harmony, as a book-shelf. She was not quite sure that it would do to put my glass and crockery away into it, as she believed that there was some sort of machinery that filled up the interior, but still the lower part that enclosed the keyboard might do to write on. But I have tolerably clear notions of where the line should be drawn, and I could not bring myself to take advantage of the general credulity of the public so far as to try to persuade

it that a piano was a new kind of combined writing-table and book-shelf, so I decided that it wouldn't do, and sallied forth to make my own purchases. I excited great hopes in the bosoms of the majority of the owners of the second-hand shops in Cambridge, made a judicious selection from a vast variety of necessary and unnecessary furniture, had it sent home, and set to work to arrange it.

There were an arm-chair, a bookcase, and a writing-table, all undeniable bargains, and all capable of being put into good working order after a little judicious exercise of the hinges, drawer-handles, and other component parts. The next question was, what was to be done with the piano? It wouldn't go upstairs, and it couldn't go down, and my landlady was unwilling to sell it or hire it out, so we finally decided on putting it into the bedroom. By dint of trundling it along over and over like a beer-barrel—to which proceeding, as my landlady didn't seem to mind, I could have no objection to offer—we managed to move it there, where

it did duty for a hat-stand and book-rack, but as that room was not habitually open to the public, this deception did not weigh so heavily upon my conscience. I got a new bed, for in the original state of things my bedroom was crowded to that extent that it would have been otherwise necessary to have devised some system of hanging my bath up to the ceiling, and putting the dressing-table when not in use under the pillow of the large four-poster. Then I put my front room in order, and was happy for a time.

My moral victory over that landlady had been complete, and she only once ever again showed symptoms of rebellion; that was on an occasion when I had been lately rather too lenient in my manner, and she thought it would be safe to try to resume the offensive. It was over a poker that one of my friends had broken by way of a wet afternoon's employment to keep himself out of mischief, and I had some little difficulty at first in persuading her that the market value of a poker at the present rate

of iron is not fifteen shillings; however, when she saw me get down my mathematical books and begin to work it out on paper, she succumbed, and thenceforward never attempted to throw off the yoke again.

I was very comfortable there, being the only lodger, and the whole of the family was at my service. There was the landlady herself, who waited on me; the landlord, whom, however, being kept out of the way by his business, I only saw once, on a Sunday evening when my landlady had gone to church and left him in her place, and he distinguished himself by tumbling upstairs with all my teacups; and two land-children, a small girl who I believe played surreptitiously on the piano while I was out, escaping when she heard me come in, and who ran on my errands; and a smaller boy, who being, I presume, dearly beloved, was consistently and proportionately chastised by his mother, as far as I could gather from the noises that resounded through the house at all hours of the day or night. There was no cat in those

lodgings, but there was no need; the little boy supplied all that was deficient in that respect. At least, I know one afternoon I had had some friends in to lunch, and I had got some cigars for them: we went out about three, leaving four large cigars and a bottle of claret on the table, and when I returned at about half-past five the bottle was empty, and there were only cigar-ashes left; on inquiry, my landlady assured me that no one had been about all the afternoon but her little boy. Of course there was only one conclusion to be drawn; but such depravity! and only four and a half years old!!

For myself, I was sorry to have to leave those rooms, once I was comfortably settled; but still one can have too much of solitude, with all its charms, and my friends represented that their means could not run to cabs to come down to see me. So I hardened my heart, and issued forth in quest of rooms again. I wanted very select rooms; preference given to the ground-floor. I have read in some medical

journal or somewhere that it shortens one's life by the thirty-fifth part of a second every time one goes up stairs. I made out a calculation once, but I forget exactly what it came to; I think if I lived 1000 years I should die in about 999 years, seven months, and a few odd weeks and days, with perhaps some hours, minutes, and seconds over; and as it would be undoubtedly foolish to run unnecessary risks, I avoid going up stairs as much as possible. Then of course I wanted them in more civilized parts, so that on rainy days it should not be a matter of hesitation whether I should go to hall—or lectures.

But perfection is not always to be obtained at once, and I spent some time before I could find any thing suited to my desires. I had almost given up hopes of success, and had even begun to ascend to first-floors and even higher in my search. One of the chief obstacles that I found was pianos. Now why pianos should be such an essential to lodgings in the ideas of the majority of landladies I don't know. I

don't play myself, except occasionally with one finger, and other people's pianos do quite well enough for that; so why I was to be perpetually harrassed with pianos I cannot conceive, unless that it was because it is not good for us to be too easily happy. I even went up into one room where the staircase was too narrow for two to pass, and there was a piano! It must have been brought up in pieces or let down through before the roof was put on; at any rate, there was no getting it out again.

But patience was at last rewarded, and I found what I wanted: ground-floor, no piano, and all complete. Then I arranged with the porter to move my things, parted with my original landlady on terms of the greatest mutual amicability, and went down.

When I came up this term, I found my furniture moved, and for some time I have been living in a state of chaos. However, I have been to work from early morning till late at night with a hammer and nails, doing a little amateur carpentering, and things are now find-

ing their proper places. Unfortunately various new disadvantages have been presenting themselves. One is that I have fellow-lodgers in this house, and I have fears that the mysterious noises from my room, when, not feeling sleepy, I have recommenced operations at 1.30 A.M., may give the house the reputation of being haunted. The other is that my room is commanded by the street, and all the little boys occupy the time between the heats of their boat-races in the gutter in gazing in at my private affairs. I do not think I am over shy, but there are certain times when one prefers to be alone—after lunch, for instance, on a hot day.

Amongst other things, I have been rather exercised with bookcases. Having brought up some new books, I bought a new bookcase. Now I have had to get some more books to fill up that bookcase, and there are some left over. This condition of things may go on indefinitely. But my great trouble is in the arrangement of my furniture. Every one

who comes in has some notion of his own on the subject. There are eleven pieces of movable furniture in my room, not counting the fender and coal-scuttle, for which I do not think any one could propose more than one suitable position. This would allow of something over forty-one million permutations. I will not go so far as to say I have tried all of these, but I certainly have used up a large quantity of them. A lot of my things being alike in form, I don't think I can do much more to alter the general aspect of my room, unless I turn the tables, etc., upside down, or group the book-shelves in the middle of the room—but I dare say if any casual member of the University has nothing else particular to do, he will drop in and make a few suggestions.

III.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

I HAVE long felt that there is a great blank in my University life. I want a true friend. I want some one on whose shoulder I can lay my head—height must not exceed five feet three or four—and say: "Be my friend; let us swear eternal confidence; be you to me even as I to you; let your goods be my goods, and your secrets my secrets; we will be even as brothers, yea, and more so." And then amid the gathering silences of the gloaming, broken only by the intermittent shouts of the merry revellers returning from some far-off, and by us uncared-for orgy, there will be cemented a bond of union such as the pale moon loves to smile on from her overhead course, and two young

hearts will become one for the future of an unravelled destiny. Then of course it will be all right; we shall get along famously, have lots of adventures—he will always be conveniently at hand when I am in need, come to the rescue with his purse and all when I am brought to the verge of ruin by the fraudulent intrigues of ruthless creditors, etc., etc.—and finally we shall end up by marrying his sister, while he takes my—well, I haven't got any sisters of my own, and my female cousins have all got brothers, who will want them for their bosom friends, I suppose—he will have to marry one of my maiden aunts—we shall settle down and live very happily ever afterward.

But though, like Diogenes of old in search of his honest man, I have been wandering up and down the paths of life looking for a true friend, I have not as yet been able to find the required article. It is not for want of acquaintances, for I suppose I have as large an average of that sort of thing as any one up here, not

only from a tendency to a cosmopolitan disposition, but from matters of pure necessity. Indeed I have many acquaintances whose names I do not even know, but whom I have to address as "Look here," or "I say," for now that I have known them so long I feel a certain sort of shyness in asking them their names, and it might appear ridiculous if I were to inquire of some third person who was the man that I had just come in with from a long walk. When I was in my former rooms, and used to come up to college, I very often found it as well to make a day of it, and depend to a great extent on the hospitality of any one who would take me in. That is, of course, I did not say "Give me lunch," or "I desire tea," but I adopted a strategic method of procedure, and would suddenly remark that I must now go and seek some secluded spot to eat the sandwiches and drink the contents of the flask that I had brought up in my pocket; or I would ask by the way if any one knew which might be the best eating-house in the town. The result was invariably an in-

vitation. Cambridge is hospitable, if she is nothing else. Owing to a certain delicate feeling, and also out of regard to the fact that it is possible to give people too much of a good thing, I would not favor one set in particular too much, but adopted a system of letting them have a little of me all round. Besides this there was added a wish to study men and manners, for if one does not know a person, how is one to form any estimate of his qualities? I was looking for a true friend, and I must spare no pains in my search.

It was partly in pursuit of the same end that I issued a standing invitation to all my former hosts to drop in whenever they pleased, and I felt that I could not do more. By this means I calculated that I should get a large assortment on trial, and thereby be enabled to make a more deliberate choice. But why it should have occurred to them all to choose the same afternoon for putting themselves on view as they did, goodness only knows. Perhaps it was because it was a rainy day, and rainy days

tend to reduce all species of men, athletic or otherwise, to resort to the same occupations.

It was the day before yesterday, and I was sitting revolving great things in my mind, and considering on which of my new stock of books I should begin; should I seize the opportunity offered by a wet afternoon, and get through an amazing quantity of reading; should I read the last new poem that everybody was talking about, so as not to be behindhand in the conversation of the more intellectual circle of my neighbors; or should I, yes, should I, indulge in a yellow-back? I hesitated; duty said "Read;" pleasure said "This is the time you generally devote to exercise and fresh air; exercise and fresh air are out of the question; take the yellow-back." Pleasure seemed to have reason on its side. My "Scheme of how to pass the day," had nothing about "Reading" for the hours then under consideration; not did it say any thing about "Literary recreation," which was the heading under which the poems would probably come; I took the yellow-back. . . . .

It was a very tame yellow-back, and I had almost decided to leave it and take to reading as an alternative to pass the time; I might perhaps thus earn myself an extra holiday at some future time, under more favorable climatic circumstances, when there came a knock at the door, and in walked three neighbors. Three of the reading sort; hitherto unknown to fame, but they will no doubt rank in future ages amongst the greatest scholars of the time—they will be the Porson, the Newton, and the Hume of our generation.

They mentioned incidentally that their object in coming was to see me, sat down on the respective edges of three chairs, and then waited a little. We began an intellectual conversation—about the weather. Discussion, and resolution put and carried; that it was beastly—no, we didn't say beastly,—inclement. Adapting myself to my company, I called upon the future Porson for a quotation from Aristophanes, or Aristotle, or some one, about the weather. When we had had that,

we got a general sketch of the climate in the earlier periods of English history out of Hume, and finally worked round to a most interesting discussion with Newton on the—want of precision in the equinoctial gales, I think it was, but I know it had something to do with astronomy and mathematics in general.

I allow that the conversation was inclined to be shoppy, but it was better than sitting and gazing silently at each other. So far we were getting on very tolerably, and it became late enough to suggest tea. We had got through one brew, and the three great minds were recreating themselves with cake, when there came another knock at the door, rather louder this time.

Three more acquaintances, of the professional-caller kind, whose great object always appears to be to get through the day somehow without any fixed rule. The same preliminaries were gone through; they had come in to see me; horrible weather; yes,

thanks, they would have some tea; and they sat down and made themselves at home at once. I had to come down a little from the lofty state of mind to which I had attained during the last half-hour, and utilize my stock of smaller talk as much as possible. I introduced them to the three other men, but the two elements did not fuse readily. I was sorry to see that the reading men were at a slight disadvantage, for as the chief part of the conversation was now upon the current affairs of the day, and they knew practically very little of any thing that had happened within the last four or five centuries, their tribute to the general exchange of news would naturally have been rather stale. However I did my best, and every now and then, where I could, suited the topics under consideration to their respective faculties, and so I hope they did not feel themselves entirely left out in the cold. Porson kept a judicious silence, and looked as if he knew all about every thing that was being talked of; Hume was more bold,

and drew analogies between the new information he was gathering and the results of his historical reading; and Newton even got so far as to volunteer a flat contradiction based on strictly mathematical grounds, of a facetious theory propounded by one of the second lot of comers concerning the velocity of cricket-balls. This produced a reaction for the moment, and the reading set came to the front.

We had had a second brew of tea, and the cake was finished, when there came not a knock, nor a kick, but a plunge at my door, and in fell two more specimens.

These were of the purely "ballyragging"—(derivation unknown)—description. The scene instantly changed. They did not wait to be asked to sit down, but flung themselves into chairs, and burst out laughing immediately without any apparent reason. Then they shoved each other over; and then, it probably having struck them that it would be more polite to account for this somewhat remarkable

entrance, said they had come to *knock* me up, and laughed more. When they had at last recovered themselves and become calmed a little, they began to be aware that there were some other persons in the room, and made an incoherent attempt to explain that it was not at them they were laughing, which did not seem altogether to improve the position. Having made this what appeared to them sufficient apology, they said that since I hadn't asked them, they would prefer wine to tea; they took to juggling with the cake-knife for want of any cake to cut with it; pulled down all my books; and explored the private arrangements of my writing-table drawers; but things were in such a state of general confusion in so short a time, that I have really a very vague recollection of what they did or didn't do. The reading set were too nervous to summon up courage to fly, and the moderate set stayed to gather materials for some future gossip about what extraordinary people I entertained in my rooms, so I had to be constantly shifting my mental

condition from one phase to the other, according to the sober or lively disposition of the individual members of my company, to show them that I had kept my head and not forgotten them. If Hall-time had not opportunely arrived, I do not know how far I should have advanced to a state of idiocy, owing to the unwonted strain on my intellect. It wasn't my fault; it is bad to mix one's spirits, I know; but if the spirits will come and mix themselves, how can I help it?

However, it was quite clear that any of these were too far gone in their own ways to be worked up to the required standard, and perhaps we knew each other all too well to enter into an everlasting compact; if I wanted my true friend, I must get him in the rough and manipulate him into shape for myself. I considered that I could not better begin than recommence my search near home, the nearer the better, as then I could always have my friend under my eye, and take care he didn't go contracting eternal alliances with some one

else. I therefore turned my investigation to my immediate neighbors.

Of my two next-door neighbors I know very little, but judging from what I hear of them, the one on the right is fond of pictures, and especially of putting them up; while the one on the left loves music, and composes oratorios set for one finger to a harmonium of three cathedral-organ power that he has set up against the partition wall of our semi-detached house, and which excites my fears for my book-shelf every time he performs. I catch occasional glimpses of them, as the one on the right goes every morning to chapel on the left, and the one on the left goes to chapel on the right, so that I can see them passing my window as I sit at breakfast. But their external appearance belies them; the man who thumps is a little man with a big head who wants his hair cut and looks entirely musical; while the musical one is a big burly man who looks as if he could thump.

Still, such an acquaintance, though sufficient

for ordinary purposes, is hardly close enough to authorize further advances, and there but remain my two fellow-lodgers. They are, I believe, members of the same college. One keeps over me, and spends his time in practising his steps in anticipation of the balls of the May week. He has friends who also dance. He is not of that festive aspect that I should suppose that he would frequent many balls, but I have got so used by this time to being disappointed in any conclusions drawn from appearance, that I am inclined to go to the other extreme and always judge by contraries. Beyond this I know nothing more of him. He has not been to call upon me, and he being a second-year man, etiquette forbids that I should begin. I do not wish to press myself on him, except that I think I should like an opportunity of requesting him not to agitate my chandelier quite so much till further notice. I may not be of a too mercurial disposition, but I do not require to be kept in this constant state of stimulation.

The other is more sociable, and came to call upon me at an early opportunity; I was out, so he left a card. I returned his call; he was out, so I left a card. Then he came again next day, and left another card; I retaliated by another, and so on for the best part of a week. Meanwhile, I used constantly to be meeting him in the passage, but I wasn't quite sure yet which was one and which was the other, and if he had been one and I had addressed him as the other, we should both have been put into an awkward position; I should have had to explain that he wasn't at all the person I ought to be speaking to, and perhaps he in his private heart might have reasons for objecting to be taken for his fellow-collegian. So I found it always best suddenly to remember something and go back to my room to see what it was. And I never liked to go up stairs directly after either of them, and so make sure of him, as, in the first place, it is not the usual way of making a call to pursue a man to his door and knock at it directly it is shut in one's face, and,

in the second, not being certain of their identity, I did not know if I should be following the right one after all.

Judging of him from the liberal manner in which he showered his cards on me, I thought I should like to know him, but I had gathered all that was available from the style and character of his name, and if I wanted to analyze him thoroughly it must be by a personal interview. I accordingly lay in ambush in my room in the evening until I had heard both of them safe indoors, and then, after the proper interval, I went upstairs and ran him to ground just as he was going to bed. I said how-d'ye-do, and remarked that I had observed he had left his card on me, and then I begged that he would in no way put himself out for me if he wished to retire. He narrowly escaped lock-jawing himself in stifling a yawn, said that nothing had been further from his thoughts than going to bed, and asked me to stop and talk. Of course I would have something? No, I would rather not have any

thing; but I felt that now I had not only broken the ice, but gone right in head over ears, so I decided that it would be better to stop. He recommended a particular chair—a favorite of his, he said. As a rule I disapprove of favorite chairs; usually there is something wrong with them, a broken spring or other similar defect which has adapted itself by use to the owner himself, but to no one else; however, I will allow that this chair was a comfortable one. I sat down first cautiously to test it, and then gradually more confidently as my distrust subsided, and we conversed. Seeing a few pots stuck about in conspicuous places, I hazarded a conjecture that he did something in the athletic line. He seemed a little embarrassed, and modestly replied, Yes, something—in fact, he had his blues. This was a terrible shock. Here I had caught a Celebrity at Home and I didn't know it. But I congratulate myself that I kept my presence of mind admirably. I began to recollect having seen his name in print some-

where, so I said, "Oh, really; well, of course, I never put two and two together; to fancy my keeping in the same house; I always thought it was the other one." It was very prettily done, and I followed up my success with, "You men often look so different when you 're changed." My reputation was saved.

We talked on some time, and I racked my brains for every thing that I could think of in the athletic line, and worked it in very creditably, relevant or not. So passed the evening, or rather a great deal of the night, and when we had both nearly dropped asleep twice the meeting adjourned.

Last night I hailed him as he went by my door, and he came in to have some tea. I think he has been foraging about for information about me. He said he had been by our cricket-ground and seen me playing lawn tennis. I rather wished he hadn't, as I felt I hadn't been in form at all, and my performances perhaps had not raised me much in his estimation. However, I put it on the heavi-

ness of the ground and the inferiority of my racket, which I must get changed. If he had not been so polite, he would probably have remarked something about bad workmen. But though we are on the high road to being bosom friends, we are not yet quite on those terms.

Still we are getting on, and I perceive that I shall like him very much. We have already got so far that he has conceived a scheme for me to attract a crowd to my ground-floor window on Sunday afternoon, while he pours water from above, but I think that this requires consideration of who is to be responsible for any consequences. He has a large capacity for tea, and now he is not in training, he smokes. I must go and get him some cigarettes. Then I shall begin to mould him.

IV.

LECTURES.

THESE thoughts are not the mere hasty conclusions of an ill-balanced mental constitution, actuated by ephemeral impulses of passing circumstances; they are the mature results of much well-regulated consideration, aided by the resources afforded by a gradual accumulation of much valuable learning. My opinions are not of that kind that come showering out like water from the rose of a watering-pot; I was too early instructed as to the wickedness of waste, especially of what is valuable; I reserve them for only very great occasions.

I have been holding a Symposium. That is, if my ideas of what a Symposium ought to be are right; they are associated with the re-

mains of banquets and fair forms strewn about in graceful attitudes on couches. I fancy I got the notion from a picture I saw some time since at the Grosvenor Gallery. In the present case the remains of the banquet are represented by some cheese-rind and a few biscuit crumbs; which, with half a bottle of claret and some butter, are what is left of the frugal lunch of which I have just been partaking. There is only one fair form in the question, and that is reclining on a sofa with one of its legs over the back; the attitude when described perhaps does not suggest grace, but it requires to be seen to be properly appreciated.

I feel generally limp; I have been to four lectures running this morning, and now I am not fit for any thing. Lectures take more out of one with less result than the whole of the rest of one's work put together. I have said it; and let who will deny it.

The Dons say otherwise; but then they are Dons. Perhaps it may have been otherwise when they were not Dons; or perhaps becoming

one effects a violent revolution of nature, and changes the whole of one's opinions in some peculiar fashion. Maybe, if it is so, when I am a Don I shall one day suddenly come to myself and find myself impressing the undergraduate mind with a sense of the advantages of lectures; but judging from my present views I should say that that state of things is very far off—that it would not come to pass until I am Master at least, more probably Vice-Chancellor.

If these Parliamentary Commissioners, who seem so found of investigating the order of things and upsetting the glorious old institutions of the University in general, were only to devote some of their time to an inquiry into the system of lectures, I should be glad to give them all the fair and impartial evidence in my power. I do not wish to bias them in any way. Only let them look at my note-book and contrast it with the industrious frame of mind in which I habitually am, and I ask no more of them.

I thought well over it last night, and great were the struggles within me. I was arranging my plans for to-day and trying to make my various engagements fit into each other so as not to lose a particle of time. A voice within me said: "Why not cut lectures; they are a waste of time; you will profit much better by reading your books in your own room." Then another voice said: "Lectures are good; the Dons say so; they give the lectures, so they ought to know; you must not cut lectures." One of these voices was of course my good angel and the other my bad one, but which was which I didn't know; so I was still undecided. Then I finally tossed up: "Heads," I should go, "Tails," I shouldn't. It came "Heads;" so this morning, firm in my resolution, I got up, dressed, fortified my inner man, and proceeded to the conflict.

First lecture; 9 A.M. to 10 A.M. I was in time, the lecturer wasn't; so I let my thoughts go for a little exercise round the room after

breakfast. First they went off to inspect a man who was sitting opposite me, and who had brought in a large collection of various colored pencils, which he was sharpening in preparation for action. I became much interested in this man. I longed to ask him what his system of note-taking was. The idea of note-taking in different colors struck me as just the sort of thing that I had long been looking about for; and I should like to have known how he arranged his colors, and how he managed to remember which was the particular shade he ought to use in particular places; and if it didn't fidget him when he got a blue and a green next to each other, and a great many things of that kind * * * and before I could get my thoughts to return and behave themselves the lecturer had arrived and was well into the middle of his subject. Even then they had become unruly, and stopped on the way back on one of the window-sills to consider if it was any person's business to dust it, and if so, how long it

might be since he had done so. I had to make a spurt then; first, of course, I had to find out the correct way to spell the lecturer's name, so as not to make any offensive mistakes if ever I had occasion to address any documents in the way of questions or notes to him; also I had to ascertain if he was Reverend or not; and these necessary proceedings took up at least ten minutes, as the man next me wrote so abominably badly that all the screwing of my neck in the world couldn't enable me to make certain what he had put down. However, at last I was able to concentrate myself to business.

The chief impression conveyed to me by the lecturer's style was that he had a supreme contempt for his subject, and that he wished us fully to understand that it was no doubt very kind and well-intentioned of the authorities whom he cited to have taken all the trouble they had, but if they had only waited for him he could have settled the difficulty in a few minutes. However, it would be a shame for

him to deprive them of the satisfaction of thinking that their labors had not been without some results, and so he reserved his opinion. Still, for a consideration, he would be glad to tell any one what his private ideas were on the subject, and—any gentlemen who had brought their tickets would kindly let him have them. The lecture was over before he had said any thing that I thought he wanted us to put down.

It was already five minutes past ten, and I had another Inter-Collegiate lecture at the other end of Cambridge, so off I had to rush, without any time to change my note-book or any thing, straight into the middle of about the third paragraph of lecture number two. My faculties having only just settled themselves into a fitting state to imbibe the elements of Jurisprudence, now had to be entirely rearranged to suit themselves to the solution of problems of Political Economy. All the seats were filled up, but a man I knew made room for me and then let me squint at his note-book

so as to see how far the lecture had advanced. He had taken a page and a half of notes already. And such neat notes too! He had another system; something like the balance-sheet that they publish at the end of the railway companies' annual reports, with lines and hands all pointing about in different directions; it seemed a very good system and worthy of remembrance—combined with the variegated-pencil system, I might organize something of my own which should embrace all the advantages of any preëxistent ones. I couldn't, however, quite make out what things went down to the credit, and what to the debtor's side of the account, but of course that would all have to be worked out.

When I had extracted the pith of what he had put down and I had caught up the lecturer, I started to take notes independently. I put every thing down; not a word was missed; and I had completely worn the lead of my pencil into the wood and had to stop to sharpen it, when he said: "All this, of course you will

understand, was a mere fallacy; and with such exploded ideas we have nothing to do; you will find the true statement expressed in a few words in such and such a chapter of—some book—" but I couldn't catch the name of the author, and by the time my pencil was in a fit condition to write we were well into another subject, and my neighbor wasn't certain if he had the reference down right—so that now I shall have to go about making vague inquiries of everybody until I find out. Then the lecturer said "any gentlemen"—but I knew what was coming, and I had another lecture, so I left hurriedly.

I was just in time, and I did manage to get a respectable quantum of notes. My thoughts had now become so exhausted that they were no longer restive, and more easily kept under control. The notes are somewhat entangled, but I think I can make something out of them. This third lecturer seemed really trying to make his subject interesting. I did not feel it like a lesson: it was not as if he was trying to

instruct us, and that he thought himself superior to us, and that we must take all that he said for granted whether we liked it or not. No, he only told us facts, and let us form our own independent opinions. I have read somewhere that a good teacher should make himself one with his disciples. This lecturer did. He seemed as if he were one of us, and only finding out about these things for the first time. Of course he was only pretending, but he did it very well. He would bend over his book, knit his brow, and then suddenly pop up from behind his desk with a smile of agreeable surprise, and announce his discovery in the tone of, though not exactly the words: "Oh, look here! this is jolly; see what I've found; here's an old king been and gone and done it; tried to squash the free-born English subject; not they; they weren't going to stand it; got together, and sat upon him; he had to sign Magna Charta, A.D. 1215." Or else leaning over his desk, till I began to fear that the whole thing would topple forward with a bang into the

middle of the room, with a confidential expression in his right eyebrow: "It is not every one that knows that Richard III was a most estimable character. There was a person called Shakespeare who wrote plays, who made out that he was a most awful blackguard; but I have just found in this book that some one else has discovered a private letter from his housemaid to his cook, and that clears up the whole thing, and shows that in his domestic life there was nothing further to be desired. But mind you don't tell anybody." This was combining instruction with amusement—balance rather in favor of amusement.

Then there was an interval of fifteen minutes. The last lectures were purely voluntary, but I like them, as I meet several friends there, and there is no absolute need to take notes, as the general impression with the public seems to be that they are so clearly expressed that every word sticks. I am, I think, entering fully into the spirit of these lectures. Their object is to enforce on the mind how vast and inex-

plicable is the problem which history lays before us. I am certainly realizing that the more history I read, the vaster and inexplicable the problem becomes. What I am to do with it all when I have finished, I don't know. I suppose this is all right. The first thing to be done is to master the facts, the lecturer says, and then to turn the attention to unravelling the net-work presented by the many combinations and intricacies of the various states of the world. The party with the pencils attends these lectures. He must find ample opportunity for employing all of them here. At the present rate of procedure it will be about the year 1900, or probably later, when we have finished with the facts and are at leisure to proceed to the solution of the problem; perhaps then things may have changed, and it will devolve on my descendants to perplex the descendants of the lecturer with the enunciation of their theories. Revenge is sweet!

I returned about an hour and a half ago from these lectures, and have been in a state of men-

tal collapse ever since. I have been trying to separate my ideas as gathered from one lecturer from those as gathered from another, but they are as mixed as my notes. And what with thoughts and notes, when I am to get any private reading done, I don't know. I give it up; I am incapable of thinking any more; I shall go and hang myself up to a peg with my cap and gown and abandon myself to vacancy.

V.

"GATED."

THIS is a great crisis in my career. I think it is Crisis No. 243, but I have lost count and cannot be quite certain about it. This is the period of my imprisonment. Nine o'clock has just struck, and I have been forced by the stern mandates of uncompromising authority to withdraw myself from an active share in the busy turmoil of the world, and submit to incarceration until the morrow's morning breaks. But though absent from the eyes of men, I shall not be lost to their memory, for here in the solitude of my confinement I shall pen words that will fly forth to the ends of Cambridge, and shake the oppressors as they recline on their couches of luxury and chafe under the bitter truths that emanate from my "J" nib.

My sentence was conveyed to me yesterday, and the document shall be stored up among the family archives. At present it is stuck up in my looking-glass together with my other engagements, and there it remains, staring down upon me in all its heartlessness,—a little narrow slip of paper, printed in rigid immovable lines, with a few sentences of writing introduced only where absolutely necessary,—a very type of the mind that devised it, regardless, in its sway over the community, of the feelings of the individual. What will posterity say? To think that it could ever have been possible that such things as this were scattered about broadcast, coldly consigning human beings to the solitude of their lodgings; printed, not even affording the satisfaction of the thought that those who issued them were put to any trouble to do so. It is being treated as if one had no separate existence; it is degrading.

* * * * * *

I am not angry; only bubbling over with sorrowful indignation.

Were I a poet blessed with the spirit of song, I could pour forth my feelings in strains of harmonious melancholy,—I could compare myself to the caged lion at the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park, pacing up and down the hearth-rug; or to an imprisoned cock-sparrow, such as I have oftentimes seen, or may be supposed to have seen, fluttering away its poor existence against the cruel bars; or, if anybody who came to listen would prefer it, I might break forth into the nobler effusions of epic, and draw a parallel between my case and those of the Prisoner of Chillon, Latude in the Bastile, Richard Cœur de Lion in the Castle of Dürrenstein, Monte Christo, Napoleon the Great, Daniel in the lions' den, and many another noble child of fame. But I am not a poet: I was not born so, and so I am not fit.

There had been many other great prisoners in the course of the world's history before this—but is any comparison to be drawn between them and me? To be sure, I am not in some respects so badly off as some of them; I have not yet been reduced to throwing two pins about and groping after them in the darkness of my cell to preserve my reason; nor have I to write down my feelings on the remnant of my shirt with my boot-blacking for ink, and a nib ingeniously contrived out of a ground-down paving-stone; and should I wish to effect an escape, there would be no absolute need for me to pick open fifty-six locks or so with a rusty nail, climb up a chimney and slay my landlady's husband on arrival at the top with an iron bar that I had encountered half-way, finishing up with a terrific drop over the parapet into the street—all this would hardly be necessary, except as a matter of taste, seeing that there is nothing actually to prevent me from opening the street-door, and going out that way. It is not that that

I mind: it is the moral part of the business; the paltriness of my offence; and the apparent callousness with which I am consigned to this vile durance. Was Napoleon, was Richard Cœur de Lion, was Monte Christo,—again I ask, were any of these above mentioned shut off from humanity for not getting up in the morning? No,—emphatically no.

Getting up early does not agree with me. It is all very well for people to attempt to cast ridicule on the notion and say that it is good for everybody, and therefore that it must be good for me. I am not everybody, and consequently everybody is not I. I have known myself longer than anybody else, and I consider that I have a right to an opinion on the subject. I do not wish to make excuses, only to justify myself in the eye of authority. I couldn't get up. It was raining and I had lost my umbrella; I might have got my feet wet. I was sleepy; sleep is sent by nature, and it is wrong to combat nature. I didn't want to get up, and I think it is

a horrid shame I should be made to do so.

But apart from all minor reasons for my conduct I have been very ill lately, and it might have been very bad for me to go out early in the morning. Nobody knows what my malady was. Not wishing to be the cause of anxiety to those around me, I concealed the inward agony under the guise of a smiling countenance. Even the doctor could not make out what was the matter with me. Amongst other things I shall have conferred on mankind will be a new illness—entirely original. 'T is a great thing to think that one has not lived in vain.

I don't know where my illness came from. It was not exactly a cold, and it was not indigestion, nor was it headache, or cramp, but a sort of all these rolled into one. The first symptoms appeared about a week ago. I had been out on the Freshmen's river the day before in a canoe with a hole in the bottom, and had sat patiently in a gradually increasing pud-

dle all the way up to Byron's Pool and back. Now I can fully realize the misery that sailors must experience while passing six weeks on a water-logged ship. This may possibly have brought on a chill. The next day I had some friends to breakfast, and it was after breakfast that I was attacked. My first impulse was of course to examine into what I had for breakfast, to make sure that no underhand dealings had been practised—there have been such a quantity of attempts at assassination in high places lately that no one can feel secure. On closer examination into the contents of a beefsteak pie, I discovered that it was made of pigeon. Now beefsteak pie is wholesome, while pigeon pie is very often apt to be indigestible. I was grieved that the cook should have been guilty of deceit, and I felt that it was my duty not to let him continue in the paths of error; otherwise he might have gone on from bad to worse, and no one knows where he might not have come to at last.

But when I went up to the kitchen to re-

monstrate, and to show that a beefsteak pie was not a pigeon pie, and that it was impossible that it even could become so, unless, perhaps, it got into a space of four dimensions, where all sorts of odd things are going to happen—but that was running into metaphysics, so I couldn't keep up that line of argument very long,—it doesn't come into my Tripos,—the cook was so confident in his deprecation of pigeon pie, that I thought really only from matters of pure justice I was bound to go and look again. However, when I next interviewed that pie, I extracted what was undoubtedly the leg of a pigeon; and accordingly having cleaned it, I took it up in an envelope to convince the cook. He was quite unmoved, and still stuck to it that it was a beefsteak pie; only perhaps a stray pigeon might have crawled in and hidden itself while nobody was looking, in the hope of saving its life.

But whether it was pigeon or unpigeon pie, still the fact remains that I had contracted this new and original illness. I have analyzed it

carefully, and by dividing it into component parts, three parts cold in the head, two parts pigeon pie, one part headache, and four parts cough, and then treating the parts separately, I have succeeded in expelling it all but the cough. I think on the whole I will go as far as to give up my claims to the sole invention of the other parts, but I reserve that cough to myself. I suppose in time it will become fashionable and must receive a name: I shall call it *Tussis Columbariensis*, as being suitable to the circumstances, as I suppose them to have been. It is indeed a triumph. It is without doubt the most magnificent thing in coughs that has appeared in Cambridge for some time. It is periodic, occurring at intervals of twenty-five minutes from cough to cough, exactly. This is perhaps rather useful, as my watch has stopped, and it serves to calculate the time by. It begins in two waves, one in each of my boots, and surges up through my system until it arrives at my throat, and then bursts forth in all its splendor, reducing me for the moment

from my normal grandeur to a struggling mass of incapacity, and throwing every thing within a radius of ten feet into a violent state of commotion. When my friends hear me coming upstairs, if a period has just elapsed, and I am taken half-way up, they know whom they have to welcome, and they run and put away all the china.

Now I put the question to all lovers of reason: Was it to be expected that I could get up early in the morning when I might have been tottering on the brink of a premature grave? How do the authorities know that I may not have been lying awake through the tedious hours of a long night, and that balmy sleep may not have been just on the point of visiting my wearied eyelids when their harsh edict required my presence in College. It will afford me some satisfaction if they have to shed tears of remorse on my tombstone.

The fated hour has struck. I had to tear myself away from a most pleasant gathering in order to be home in time; and just when I

had succeeded in leading up the conversation to a most favorable point—a few minutes more, and I should have been able to work in one of my best stories. Indeed, things had got on so far that they must have resulted in that story or else have ended abruptly, and I have a sort of idea that one of the company knew the outlines, and he will probably try to tell it—and he is sure to spoil it.

What is to be done now? Shall I work? No; never shall any one flatter themselves that I have lent them any aid in getting good out of evil. Shall I go up and call on my fellow-lodger? No; if I am to be a martyr I will do it thoroughly. I will sit and muse on the vanity of things in general. All this must be seen to. The liberty of the subject has been trifled with! I repeat, is this to be borne? I will have questions asked in Parliament!! I will demand a writ of *Habeas Corpus!!!* I will—I will—at present, I will —go to bed.

VI.

THE MAY WEEK.

IT is humiliating. After all my self-congratulations that I had made a startling discovery in the way of illnesses, that might perhaps have changed the whole course of the progress of events, to think that it should prove to be the hooping-cough! Now if it had been typhoid fever, or even a mild form of the plague, it might have been worthy of some consideration; but that I should be shunned by society merely for the sake of such an infantile sort of thing as the hooping-cough! I feel quite vexed about it. But there is no getting out of it; the doctor has been here to-day, and after punching me about, and looking into me with a sort of ear-trumpet, he has pronounced that I have got the hooping-

cough, and that I have been having it all this time and have not improbably been disseminating it about liberally among all my friends. The majority of the boat came to tea here last Sunday, and if it goes down this week owing to the crew having caught the hooping-cough, I shall feel guilty in the eyes of the whole College—and what is worse, I shall have incurred an everlasting obligation to them, and may be called upon to fulfil it at any moment, which may turn out to be extremely inconvenient.

Nevertheless, it is something to talk about, having got the hooping-cough at this particular period. Everybody can pass the time by going about and watching the various festivities that are taking place, but it is not everybody who can say that they have struck out such an entirely new line of enjoyment as I have during the May week. Let the common herd go and devote themselves to these transient frivolities; I desire not to diminish their pleasure.

I am to be shut up until the east winds go away; if my experience of the weather is worth any thing, it will then begin to rain, and I shall not be able to go out because of the damp: after that nothing will dry up the ground except more east winds; so that my chances of getting out for some time appear rather small. For some reasons I am not altogether sorry; I shall have some time now to read my books: I have been cutting the pages all this afternoon in preparation for beginning to-morrow. But the chief reason for which I object to being kept in is that I do not get enough exercise. I have discovered that 220 times round my table make a mile, but it is a monotonous way of getting an appetite for my victuals, besides not being particularly good for the carpet; it also has a tendency to make one giddy, not to speak of the risk of catching my shins against outlying pieces of furniture if I attempt a spurt. I have tried resting a poker across two chairs, and jumping over it a fixed number of times; but I cannot get

enough run, and either crash headlong into my mantelpiece at one end of the room, or else fall prone on my sofa at the other; while such proceedings not unfrequently attract the attention of casual passers by—perhaps their notice is drawn by seeing the house shaking from the outside. Indoor gymnastics are all very well as treated of in little green books to be obtained at all railway book-stalls throughout the United Kingdom, but they do not answer when practised indoors, unless a general clearance is made of the furniture. So now I pass the time chiefly in studying people as they pass. I have drawn a sofa to my window, and have taken up a commanding position for this end. I was going to have had some people of my own down, but now I suppose to them that that will be out of the question. Alas! they are no better than the rest; they all forsake me in my adversity. How true is the special adaptation of the proverb, "A friend when you have the hooping-cough is a friend indeed."

I wonder why it should be the fashion for the man who is going to have people to stay with him—especially his own people—to look upon himself as a sort of social martyr, and so entitled to the pity of all whom he meets. If he does not want them, why does he ask them? but the majority of the undergraduates that I have seen passing, appear to be particularly bored, and unable to keep up a respectable standard of conversation, owing to their thoughts being preoccupied in the arrangement of the next remark but two that they feel they will be called upon to make. The people they seem to be least at home with are their own relations—cousins always excepted—and when they meet any one else with his people they look at him as if they would like to effect an exchange. Perhaps something might be done so that by mutual agreement, or perhaps by drawing lots, everybody should exchange sisters for a time, and then nobody would be at such a loss what to do.

This, however, is a reform that cannot be

carried out all at once, and we must be content to go on with matters as they are at present. If we have really put ourselves to such trouble to get people down here, we ought to do the whole thing properly, and to provide entertainment for them to the best of our power, and not allow the more secret part of our feelings to show itself. We should parade them round the principal sights; give them all the stock pieces of information; and drown our cares in a reckless plunge of extravagance into the kitchen bill. The last is an infallible resource; three luncheons are equivalent to no end of conversation; and whenever a new topic is wanted, a suggestion of five o'clock tea will always supply the gap, Thus we may convince our people that we are happy; and they will be happy too; and we shall all be playing our parts in the great drama of humbug that is everlastingly going on.

But a truce to this moralizing! Why should I act like a wet sponge, and try to damp the ardor of those who are at any

rate doing their best to carry out the principle of conferring the greatest good on the greatest number, although they may be, perhaps, keeping to rather worn-out grooves? I am getting morbid: it is all the effect of the hooping-cough. I had made great preparations myself with the same view if this—old—hooping-cough hadn't come and stopped me. (Query. Are there any circumstances under which a Christian may be justified in using a bad word?)

There are two ways of meeting one's people. One is to go down to the station and offer to look after their luggage. This, however, except so far as the will goes for the deed, is generally of little practical use, as, especially when there are ladies concerned, there are such a lot of things to be found, that the owner has after all to come and identify them for her or himself. This being taken into consideration, perhaps the second method is the best; namely, to be "discovered" sitting at a table surrounded by papers and books,

and to rise suddenly in a confused manner, and say that you had just been doing a little work, and had not the slightest idea that the morning had passed so quickly. Then put away your books hurriedly, and say you will run out and see about luncheon. When you return you will find all your books being severally perused by the ladies, and the deeper the subject, the higher you will rise in their estimation.

You will then have luncheon, which, if skilfully managed, can be prolonged for some hour and a half, and then you had better trot them out to see the sights. As it will probably be the first occasion of your ever having done so, your best plan will be to have purchased a "Spalding's Guide" beforehand, and crammed it up carefully, as one would Paley for the Little-Go. There are, however, a few stock stories which may be added, and if they refer to undergraduate exploits, and you can contrive to make yourself, or at least, some of your most intimate friends, figure as the hero, so much the better. If you meet any par-

ticular fine-looking man, and the ladies wish to know who he is, say he rows, or plays, or runs for the 'Varsity, and nod to him when he isn't looking. This will add to the general effect.

In order to get through things in the most convenient fashion, it would be best to pursue some method in your sight-seeing. First visit the Fitzwilliam; walk up one staircase, through the galleries, and down the other; then glance at the sculptures, and go out again. Time, about fifteen minutes. Then go on to Peterhouse; see the last deer before it is too late—it looked very seedy last time I saw it, and may not last out another week—look in at the Combination Room, and say something about the rich blue of the windows of the Chapel: point out Gray's fire-escape with the required anecdote, and then proceeed by Pembroke and Corpus, through Cat's to Queens'.

You should style Queens' as "quaint," then walk through it, and out over Newton's Bridge —anecdote here,—then continue through the

backs to King's Bridge. Stand here and say, "This is one of the finest views in Cambridge." Somebody will say, "Oh!" and after three minutes have been allowed for astonishment, it will be time to inspect the Chapel and Hall. Collect the general opinion on the merits of the screen, call attention to the fact that the porter's lodge resembles a cruet-stand, repeat all that has ever been said about the fountain, and King's will have been done. Clare can next be visited. I believe there is a story that Clare was built without an architect: at any rate it will do for something to say. Cross Clare Bridge, tell the Senior Wrangler story, and ask the company to count the balls. It perhaps will be better not to do so if any other undergraduate is of the party. The joke appears to have an irritating effect on any one who has heard it more than—say, a dozen times. I tried it the other day on a bye-term man who had only been up three weeks, and he hit me a severe blow on the hat. You can spend a little mute admiration on Caius,

and at the Hall there are the botanical curiosities in the garden. Then walk round by the Trinity Avenue, and call attention to its beauties. Next perform the trick with the knocker in the Cloisters in Neville's Court. This proceeding is probably immensely appreciated by the inhabitants thereof. At Trinity also there are the Chapel, the Hall, and the Old Court —don't forget it is the largest in England, and don't be quite sure it isn't the largest in the world. Go through John's and over the Bridge of Sighs, and you will have done Cambridge pretty well. If you have any time to spare, Magdalen was where Pepys was at College; the only record left of him was that he was intoxicated one night; Sidney was Oliver Cromwell's place of education; Milton was at Christ's, and has left a tree somewhere about; Emmanuel was the place where the Pilgrim Fathers packed up their luggage, and left for America. Jesus Chapel is worth visiting, but by this time your ladies will be tired, and you had better take them home to tea,

lege. It must not be in any way supposed to be intended as an association with Cat's; indeed, Cat's has grown so proud lately, that perhaps it would not deign to be associated with any other College.

The foundation will consist of a Master, twelve Fellows, and twenty-four Scholars. The Master and Fellows will be required to dine all together at least once in three terms, so that a vacancy will be ensured every year. The Fellows will be divided into the useful and the ornamental, and in order that promotion may not be too slow, an inspection will be held at the end of every year, and those that cannot prove themselves to be either useful or ornamental will be expected to resign their fellowships. The vacancies will be supplied from among the Scholars, who will be required to toss for preference.

Of the twenty-four scholarships, sixteen shall be reserved to candidates who can prove kinship to the family of Smith; the remaining eight shall be open, consideration always being

taken of the neatness of the candidate's tie and the polish of his boots. These scholarships shall be held until the time of passing the Previous Examination, or, in the event of that not taking place, until the third year of residence. Any Scholar who is unable to satisfy the Examiner at the end of the May term that he has exercised a sufficient degree of hospitality will be liable to be deprived of his scholarship.

The examination will be held once a year, and will consist of passages from the following prescribed books:—

The Whole Book of Etiquette,

The Ball-Room Guide,

The Art of Conversation,

The Gentleman's Complete Letter-Writer,

Cavendish on Whist.

Besides this, the candidate will be expected to compose an extempore piece of poetry suitable for a lady's birthday book, and to write an original essay on one of the following subjects:—

The Weather.

The Last Bit of Scandal,

The Pictures,

What to do with one's Hands.

In addition to the main foundation, there will be a Professorship of Practical Economy attached to the College, of which the holder will be required to publish, at least once a year, a pamphlet on the subject of "The Circumvention of Creditors."

The building itself will be carried out in strict accordance with the principles of modern architecture. The architect will be given some money and materials, and turned in loose to adapt them as he can to certain requirements.

The College will form a quadrangle, the buildings on the four sides comprising a judicious mixture of styles, calculated to provide an adequate supply of materials for conversation. The whole of the frontage will be occupied by a stone wall, pierced with apertures resembling windows, so that the impression will be conveyed that there is more behind

than appears at first sight. Part of the revenues of the College will be derived from the letting out of this wall to bill-posters. In the middle of the wall will be the porter's lodge, and if the architect happens to have a large supply of superfluous pinnacles on his hands, they will be placed wherever there is available room for them. On the right hand on entering the gate there will be a Chapel, which will combine the beauties of a meeting-house and Cannon Street Railway Station. The windows of the Chapel will be peculiarly fine specimens of old stained glass, with legends connected, and representing curious subjects, such as people's legs going up ladders with no particular bodies attached, typical of the incomprehensibility of the early Christian allegory.

Exactly opposite the Chapel will be the Hall, with some of the Scholars' rooms attached. Strict attention will be paid to the outward appearance of these buildings, the rooms inside having to take their chance of getting a window or not. Exactly facing the

entrance will be another row of buildings, on which the architect will be allowed to give free scope to his ideas of originality. The result will probably be something between the Early Norman and Swiss Cottage style, with a dome and a slate roof. The kitchens, offices, and staircases, not having been contemplated in the original designs, will have to go in wherever there is room.

The court will be occupied by a green, which will be appropriated to the use of the Fellows. Provision, however, will be made to prevent too evident tracts being worn by the Fellows making short cuts. If any Fellow wishes for a particular short cut, he may apply to the Master to have a paved way laid down for him, to be deliberated upon at the next meeting.

In the centre of the green there will be a Pump, on the top of which there will be a statue of the founder, dressed, in accordance with the received notions of statuary, in a bath towel and a pair of spurs. His right elbow shall be resting on a pillar—with a cush-

ion at the top, for there is no need why he should be uncomfortable—and the relative position of his dexter forefinger and his profile, combined with the peculiar expression of his right eyelid, will at once recall the spectator to a sense of his sagacity. At the base of the Pump will be the figures of Sincerity and Courtesy sitting back to back, to signify the main object of the foundation of the College, and round the foot shall be inscribed, in letters of gold, the legend:

"Ille bonus socius, sic semper diximus omnes."

There will be an official attached to the College for the express purpose of admiring this Pump.

There will be certain regulations as to the general behavior of the Scholars, such as there not being permitted more than three German bands in the College at the same time, if they are found to disturb the general quietude of the College; no one will be allowed to rise at any unfashionable hour, the limit to be left to

the judgment of the authorities; too much energy will be discouraged, the most recognized pastime being to drive to Ely and be photographed; any one convicted of taking part in any more vulgar occupation rendering himself liable to the strictest censure; but all these will be more strictly defined when the Charter is drawn up.

Once a year there will be a grand Commemoration, or Founder's day. All the old Fellows and Scholars will come up and combine with the present ones. They will remind one another of past times, and of things that they once did together, and which in many cases will have slipped the other's recollection, unless some third person, ignorant of the details of the transaction, happens to join in. Everybody will forget themselves and revert to the happy days of youth. The Master will be required on this occasion to sing a comic song.

The date of the anniversary of the Founder's day had better be the first of April.

VIII.

HALL, AND OTHER THINGS.

IT is a difficult matter to treat of Hall with all the solemnity that it deserves. It forms a very important item in the life of the University man. For many it divides the day into two eras, before Hall and after Hall, and they regulate all their proceedings accordingly. I do not mean to say, of course, that they talk of any thing as occurring B. H. or A. H., but they imply it.

Hall is a place where everybody may be found. Those that have been shut up all day at their studies emerge, and those that have been wandering about the face of the earth in pursuit of pleasure immerge; it matters not of what set, or of what persuasion a man may be, but he is pretty certain to turn up in Hall.

The primary object of assemblage there is, I believe, to feed, but there are other minor processes connected with Hall. It is a period of recreation and small talk. Some, indeed, there are that cannot talk smally, and have to sit still and listen; while others, who are still further gone, cannot disentangle themselves from the enchantments of shop, and form little societies for its maintenance. But they are very exclusive, and generally also excluded. I once happened for three successive nights to lose my usual place, and had to take my seat amongst a select circle of mathematicians. I did not join extensively in the conversation, but I was very much saturated with it. When, however, on the fourth night, I got back to my former place, some of my newly-acquired knowledge inadvertently leaked out of me. My immediate neighbor inserted a fork into me. Such things are not tolerated among the common type of Hallist.

There are peculiarities about Hall that distinguish it from most other forms of eating.

It might, perhaps, by the fastidious be termed somewhat of a scramble. But every thing has its use, and perhaps this may be practice for those hurried meals that we so often read of as falling to the lot of great men at critical points of their career. Then the behavior cannot be absolutely styled Belgravian. I do not hold myself responsible for the High Table; that forms a sort of Valhalla, where the intellectual heroes of the University fare sumptuously, and revel in the successes they have achieved over unwary examinees; nor can I answer for the B.A. table, of which the members are awaiting in a chrysalis form their full development into a higher state; I speak only of the Undergraduates. But I think that it must be the effect of the general uniqueness of Hall. For instance, when in Hall, it does not seem to strike people as being any thing out of the common to put their elbows on the table and shout "Waiter!" at intervals between the courses, but I do not suppose they would do it at home. Nor is it the usual thing to attract one's opposite neighbor's

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attention with a bread pellet at a dinner-party in the height of the season, but I have seen it done in Hall.

There is a good deal of noise, but one cannot perhaps expect a hundred people to be perfectly quiet for long at the same time. Besides, if there is any evil, it is one that brings a remedy to itself. Perhaps there is so much that it drowns itself; occasionally there is a dead silence all at once, and then one notices that there has been a noise; but this only lasts just about long enough to try the pin experiment, and then the gently rippling laughter of some one again breaks forth, and things resume their normal state.

It is only natural, being an Anglo-Saxon, and not ordering the dinner myself, that I should reserve the right of grumbling at my victuals. But I cannot say much on the subject. They are substantial certainly. An *entrée* that runs well into half a pound of beefsteak, with potatoes and vegetables to match, is not to be sneezed at in point of quantity.

Then there is the waiting. That can be summed up in a very few words; it is very good, especially our part of it.

But there are more impressive things than these to be thought about in Hall, taking it both from a retrospective and a prospective point of view. From the former, because it is a grand thing to feed where so many great men have fed before; to reflect that their Hall formed part of their daily life, and that the attendant associations possibly had great influence on their after career; and from the latter, because it is equally grand to think that I may have a future Archbishop on my right and a Lord Chancellor on my left, and that the mere fact of their having manœuvred so that the place where the two ends of the form meet has fallen to me may have some serious effect on that department of the general course of events that will fall to my share.

I think a great deal in Hall just at present. We are not many now; and our number becomes painfully smaller and smaller every day.

Now that the Mays are over, every one is flitting to different joys, and there are but a few still left up. Some, indeed, are stopping up to read; they go out in canoes on the Freshers', and ride bicycles; it is a harder duty that compels most of us unfortunates to remain. We, the doomed band, have to struggle with the Little-Go. But I cannot dwell long on the subject; it is too painful. They say that in the French Revolution the prisoners in the Conciergerie became callous, and jested day by day as they drew nearer to their fate. Perhaps it is for the same reason that some infatuates do not seem to be conscious of their condition, and talk and laugh as carelessly as if such a thing as Little-Go did not exist. I do not; I cannot talk much, as my conversation would be a bore to my companions: I can think of nothing but Statics, Trigonometry, and Higher Algebra; I sit in moody silence, and look Statics, Trigonometry, and Higher Algebra out of my eyes; every thing I do in some way forces itself into an illustration of one of them;

my only amusement consists in setting myself test papers and not being able to do them; the common poker has a mysterious fascination for me as a lever of the first order; and though, of course, with our superior knowledge of anatomy nowadays, it would be ridiculous for me to say so, yet, I am sure, if I had died two or three centuries ago, Statics, Trigonometry, and Higher Algebra would have been found graven on my heart.

And these are not my only troubles. The intervals that I allow myself between my studies of Mathematics are chiefly occupied with disputes with my landlady. She is too fastidious; she objects to my asking her to call me at 7.30 in order that I may get up and read early, because she complains that it has no further effect than getting me up at 10.30,—and she will not listen to explanations; she objects to my going to bed late, and breaking any crockery she has casually left about the passage; and to those objections both to my method of rising and retiring she adds more

with regard to my habits during the interval between the two; for instance, if I have visitors she cannot be brought to see that one is justified in extending the period of five o'clock tea from 3.30 to 7.0. So I have concluded that it will be better if we separate. I have not yet taken any very great trouble in taking other rooms, as I foresee probabilities of there being some provided *gratis* for me out in the Fulbourn direction, but it is these petty forms of aggravation that have so often served to wear out many a noble mind.

But all may go well, and then I may break out. My plans for the Long are indefinite; they are also infinite. As far as I can remember, I have engaged myself to go with three separate parties to Ober-Ammergau on foot, to bicycle over the Pyrenees with a fourth, to spend six months in the aggregate at different quiet spots on the Continent with various reading parties; while, apart from University engagements, I have promised to spend at least a fortnight with each of a numerous circle of

affectionate relatives. However, that all remains to be settled. I fancy the best plan will be to go straight home.

ΣΠΕΡΜΟΛΟΓΟΣ.

" What will this babbler say ? "

. . . . . .

" Yes," he replied, " perhaps I do talk a good deal, but then, you know,—who is it says—

' Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken '—

or something like that—I forget how it goes on—only you know what I mean."

(*Cambridge Review*, *Lent and May Terms*, 1881.)

I.

IN THE TRAIN.

IT was at King's Cross that he tumbled into the same carriage with me at the last moment; the door was slammed behind him by the guard, and the train started immediately, as if it had been waiting on purpose for him. He put as much of himself as he could out of the window, and shouted directions to all the porters that we passed as we left the station about some dog—that must have been some celebrity, judging from the way that he seemed to take it for granted that every one should know about it,—and at last, when we were clear of the platform, he came in again, and proceeded to arrange himself in a comfortable position for the journey.

We sat in silence while the train held on its

"Going up to Cambridge, I suppose. This is much the best way, I think. Goes much faster, you know. I believe the other line is four miles shorter, and yet it only does it in five minutes less. I always come this way—saves time. Except sometimes; when the other train is more convenient. Besides, it's much better to get known by all the guards and porters on one line. I suppose almost all the guards know me by this time; I've been up and down so often since I have been up. And you know it always pays to tip them a little. I suppose I've tipped almost all of them, more or less.

"Train going faster now. That was Potter's Bar we passed then, I think. I wonder who Potter was, and why he had a bar? Same as on the other line—Ponder's End—who was Ponder, and what was his end? Sounds as if there ought to be a legend about it: d'you think there is?

"Awfully cold, isn't it? Not so cold though, as where I've just been. I was up in Warwick-

shire, at a little place we've got, just finishing off the shooting; don't use it much, only sometimes I have to run up to keep down the birds. Often I take some other man with me. I daresay perhaps you'd like to get down there for a day or two: yes, come down any time. Fond of shooting? Not particularly keen about it, did you say? Oh, well, nor am I. D'you like hunting, then? I hunt a little, down in Leicestershire, you know;—have to keep my father's horses in training, but I don't care much for it; do you? Come down, and I daresay we can give you a mount. Not good enough rider? Oh, well, that doesn't much matter: soon learn it; only wants pluck. I don't suppose I'm what you would call a first-class rider, but I stick on and go ahead. Why, only the other day I was complimented on the way I had stuck to the hounds over an awfully difficult country.

"Bother! there's my cigar out. That comes of smoking cigars one isn't used to. Why, you know, I've smoked the same sort of cigars ever

since I began smoking at all. Do you smoke much? Now, how many pipes a day do you suppose a man can stand without being the worse for it? Ten? or do you think fifteen? Why, you know, one of our men smoked thirty-seven slap off. It was for a bet, but I shouldn't think he'd do it again."

"I think, you know, smoking's a great waste of time. I do it because I've got into the habit now, and when a man gets into habits he can't get out of them so easily as when—as before, you know. You know it's awfully odd how one changes. Why, take me for instance, now, I don't suppose I could do a Latin verse to save my life, and I was awfully good at them when I was at school and that's—let's see—why, that's not much more than a year ago.

"Here's Hitchin. I'm going out for a bit. Keep my place, will you; thank you."

* * * * *

"Whew! It *is* cold outside. I think you were better inside than out. I wonder how

much longer we're going to be before we start. They always keep us here about ten minutes longer than they ought; it's the regular thing, it couldn't be them if they didn't. We're off now, though.

"Have another cigar? Oh, I see you prefer a pipe. What baccy do you smoke? You know, Virginia Shag's the best. I know it is, because the other night, just about the end of last term, we were going down King's Parade, I and a lot of other men, and one of them said he'd bet me four to one in half-sovereigns that he'd smoke more Virginia Shag than I would Bird's Eye in the same time. I took him, and then we set to work. He beat me by two pipes. But, you know, I don't think betting on that sort of thing is a good thing. One feels such a fool when one's lost. I never do,—except sometimes, just for a joke, you know. By Jove! the 'Varsity's the place to learn what money's worth. I suppose I can make a sov. go a good deal further now than when I was at school. At least I get a great deal more for

my money than I used. Did you say, perhaps I had more money? Well, now I think of it, perhaps I do. Only I've got more to show for it.

"I've got a paper somewhere: d'you care to see it? Too dark? Yes, it is, perhaps. Train's the only place I ever read papers; never seem to have time anywhere else. Never seem to have time to do any thing; always something else comes and gets in the way. I get up, then I just get about a bit, and then I go to bed. Always intend to be doing some work: never seem to. Do you? Yes? Now I should like to know how you manage it. Being regular, you say. Well, I suppose I'm pretty regular, only what is a man to do if one has been up till two or three in the morning, just talking with other men: one can't expect to be up as fresh as a lark before ten or so next day, and then that throws one all out. I don't understand how fellows do it.

I suppose you read hard? What are you in for? I'm Classics. Just come in for this

new system. Don't understand it myself; don't believe any one else does. However, I'm not going to overwork myself. I don't believe in working for these exams., you know; I believe it's all a system of tips. I shall get 'em all from some one just before I go in, and I daresay I may manage to get a third.

"Hullo, we're nearly there. I say, will you come and see me some evening? Or perhaps you're reading, and don't care to come out. I'll drop in on you some night; you won't mind. I know where you are; saw it on your hat-box. Yes, I know: it is a good way of getting introduced, saves an awful lot of shyness. Good-night—here, porter—get me a cab—hullo! only two cabs—and there goes one of them—here—hi—all right—drive to—" and he was off in the last cab.

II.

ON READING.

"YOU'RE not busy, are you? Oh, yes, I see you are. All right, then, I'll be off in half a minute; I don't want to disturb you. No, thanks, I don't think it'll be worth while my coming right in. Only I thought I'd just look in between Hall and beginning work, and see how you were getting on. I've got a lot to do myself, so perhaps the sooner I'm moving on the better.

"Oh, you prefer the door shut, do you? But I don't think I'd better stop.

"Thanks, I will have some coffee if you've got any going. But I don't think I'll sit down. Oh, well, it'll be more comfortable, perhaps, as you say. Yes, and I'll take off my gown. I hate sitting in my gown more than I can help: don't you?

"D'you mind my having a cigarette? I always have one after dinner before I begin reading. It clears one's head so. Thanks, I've got a match.

"Yes, I've got awfully behindhand with my work; I've got a lot of lecture notes to look over and write out, and some papers to do for my coach. I've been trying to settle down, but I can't somehow. You're a reading man, aren't you: I wish you could give me some sort of advice how to do it. Now, do you think it's best to make long spells of it at once, or do you do your work at all the little odd times you find? I wonder which is the best way.

"Method, you say. Yes, I suppose it is method, only I never can manage to make my methods go right. Some men seem to be able to stick to method so much better than others. Now, you know, there's old Toyler on my staircase; he's a tremendous one for method. He's got every minute in the week arranged for its particular purpose. He gets up at half-

past seven, goes to chapel, then half an hour for breakfast, work from nine to one, either in his rooms or at lectures, lunch, digestion, exercise, hour's work before Hall, Hall, more digestion, and then work again. Well, you know, that's all very fine, but I've tried it myself, and I can't get it to answer. I wrote it all down, 7.30 up, 8.0 chapel, etc., etc. I took hints from Toyler. He didn't show me any printed list, but I'm sure he must have one somewhere, for he couldn't keep it all in his head: I couldn't, I'm sure. Then I started next morning. But I didn't manage to get up at 7.30, and I wasn't thoroughly awake till 9.0. Of course, that put me all out to start with, and I couldn't begin that day. I don't think method can be much use.

"No, no more coffee, thanks: I'm going on to my reading in an instant.

"At least for me. You know it's different with fellows like Toyler. You don't know Toyler do you? He's an odd sort of man. Now, he does every thing on method. I don't

think he could do any thing off method. He eats and drinks on method. I suppose he must eat exactly the same amount every Monday and exactly the same amount every Tuesday, and so on: he's got it all settled. And when he takes a rest, and plays any thing, he does it on method. He plays whist and football on method; he goes about with all the rules written out on his shirt-cuff or somewhere, I believe. At least, that's to say, I don't know for certain, but it seems like it; and at any rate, it wouldn't be a bad dodge, would it?

"Well, I think I will change my mind, and have half another cup before I go on.

"Only I wanted to ask you, as I said, as you're a reading man: now which do you think *is* the best way, making one's work into a big piece, or doing it in little odd scraps? Some people recommend one, and some the other. I tried doing it all in one big piece against time, but I never could get as much finished as I had settled, and time always beat me. And then there's the other way, some men advised me

ting through them, you only want enough to impress the examiners. I believe I got through my Little-Go that way: I tried all the sums: and there was a rider of Euclid, where I drew the figure and wrote out the enunciation they gave us, and that brought me to the bottom of the page, and then it was time to show up. I don't believe I could have worked it out, but I daresay the examiners thought I could have if I had had time, and so I scored marks for it.

"Then I believe all other examinations are the same. You see in the index of a book, 'Battle of Something. Year So-and-So. Romans entered Provence,' or something of that sort. There's the statement. If you look in the text you only find: 'In the eventful year So-and-So, the ravaging hosts of the proud Romans carried fire and sword, without regard to the feelings of the unfortunate widows and orphans of those gallant bands whom they had so recently overthrown at the battle of Something, into the heart of the fair district that afterward bore the name of Provence.' Well,

there, if you can read it all in six words, why should you trouble about doing it in fifty. You've got the statement, and if you add any out-of-the-way embellishment of your own, I daresay the examiners will think you got it out of some authority they haven't heard of, and perhaps give you credit for knowing more than you do.

"But if you come to that, I don't myself much see the use of any education at all. At least what they call education up here, this sort of specialization. What's the use of giving up one's whole time to a particular subject? One can't go about spouting nothing but classics or history or mathematics in after-life; one would be voted an awful bore. What one really wants is some common sense, and the first rudiments, reading, writing, and keeping one's accounts. Not that I do that much, by the way, but I always begin to every month,—start fresh, but always get about £2 out somewhere about the 16th,—then I have to begin again. Then you ought to read the

paper every day. Can't say I always do, but if you know pretty well what's going on outside, and keep your mouth shut when you don't until you've learnt from hearing others expose their ignorance, you can always get on pretty well. What's the use of bothering over what those old buffers did ever so long ago? We're just as good as they were. You know, if we come to think of it, we're making history just as much for ourselves, and yet half of us don't know any thing about it, while we go troubling about things that happened three or four hundred years ago. Then there's general information one ought to have—it wouldn't be a bad plan to get an Encyclopædia and shut oneself up to read so many pages a day, and then I think one would have pretty well finished one's education. Only the worst of Encyclopædias is, that when the last volume has come out it is time to get to work at a new edition. How we do get on, to be sure. Why, just think, it's only about fifty years since the steam-engine was invented; I wonder how we shall go about in another fifty years?

"Oh, then, I'd nearly forgot, of course I should include Bradshaw in my scheme of education. One always wants Bradshaw. I should set problems in Bradshaw—how to get from here to Newcastle in a given time—or, that would be too easy, quite a beginning exercise. The advanced learner should be set on to some of those London lines; or this would be the sort of question: *A* hears that his uncle *B*, from whom he has expectations, and with whom he has quarrelled, is lying ill at Birmingham. *A* is at Cambridge. Given that the telegram says that his uncle has only three hours to live, how can *A* arrive in time for a reconciliation?

"Well, but I'm keeping you. I hope I haven't really been disturbing you. I must really be going on now. Why, bless me! it must be nine o'clock! There's the curfew! Good night."

. . . . . .

I shall sport another night.

III.

ON THE LENT RACES.

"I SAY, did you go to see the races? I did. I consider I quite did my duty to my College as I ought to do. I went down three days and took up my position at a coign that I thought would be one of vantage, and I didn't see any thing that interested me, because our boat always made its bump before it got to me: then the fourth day I went down changed, because the thrilling descriptions of how the bump was nearly made in First Post Reach, and how something else had been done somewhere else, and how the boat behind had nearly bumped us somewhere else, but our cox had skilfully washed them off, and that sort of thing, had all fired me to such an extent that I thought that I really must go down and as-

sist personally at the glorification of the College. But that fourth day, you know, they bucketted away at such a pace that there was no keeping up with them, unless you were an habitué on the towing-path, so that I never saw the great event after all. What! you didn't know we'd bumped every night? Well, I wonder at that. Of course we did. I should have thought every one ought to have known that. What did your boat do, by-the-by?

"And I had to put myself out a good deal on the first three days to go and see these races, so that I consider that I am entitled to a certain amount of extra credit. There were two or three other engagements I should have preferred, only I thought the College would be pleased as a Corporation if I went down to see the boat row.

"Because, you know, I don't think races, as races, interest one much up here; not if you're used to the Thames and breast-races as I am. I think the man who first conceived rowing on the Cam at all must have been a great enthu-

siast in the aquatic line, while whoever it was that invented racing upon it ought to have had his name preserved to posterity as one of the most striking instances of imaginative genius that ever existed, something like Euclid or Archimedes, or any of those originalities who started from no basis at all. Why when I first came up, d'you know, I walked three times over the Cam while I was looking for it.

"And I don't think the Cam's what you can call particularly beautiful, so that there's not much in the scenery way for you to occupy yourself with while you're waiting for the boats to come—and that's long enough, goodness knows. I was on the other side the first three days: no, it's this side, when you come to think of it, only the river twists about so, and one usually crosses over, and in this case one doesn't, so that one gets so mixed up one is apt to be confused—anyhow, you know what I mean, the other side to what is this side when you're down there: and there wasn't much shelter, and the weather wasn't alto-

gether of the most pleasant:—not that one expects much of the weather anywhere after one has been up here a little time:—and altogether the whole circumstances were not particularly conducive to good temper. Which accounts, perhaps, for my being a little grumpy.

"Still some people seem to find enjoyment in the races, and I'm sure I'm the last person in the world to wish to interfere with anybody else's way of taking their enjoyment. And for myself, I think that, to a certain degree, it shows a right spirit to take one's share in the encouragement of the boat-club. I pay my money, and I wear the blazer, though I don't row regularly myself. I did when I first came up—used to go out tubbing every day, and I daresay I should have rowed for the College only there just happened to be eight men better than myself. I'm not altogether sorry, you know, because it's like so many other things, I don't think I could manage it regularly. I never seem to have time, and I want to do such a lot of other things that if I was

to tie myself down to going to the river every day, I shouldn't even be able to intend to do them.

"What do you think of it yourself? As good a form of regular exercise as another? Well, perhaps it is. Only it depends how you look upon exercise. Now, some people look on it as a disagreeable duty to be got over as soon as possible; that's the way Toyler looks upon it, for instance. And some people look upon it not as disagreeable, but as a part of the day's work. I look upon it as a thing that ought to be taken as a pleasure, and there isn't much pleasure in a thing when it gets monotonous, and you must allow that rowing up here is rather monotonous. I can't stand monotony, you know. Always knocks me up at once. Always wanting a thorough change.

"But I take an interest in the College boat, and I very frequently have walked down and seen it practising, and I know the exact deficiencies of every one of the crew from bow to stroke, and of cox as well. And when we

had some races last term, I went down and stood about all the morning, ready to let off a pistol of an extremely dangerous construction, that wouldn't explode when it ought, and when it finally did, injured my finger severely with the trigger guard. And in these last races I ran, as I said, on the last day, till I had no more breath left, and I've shouted all my voice away. Some one asked me to manipulate a rattle or a dinner-bell by way of further stimulation of the crew at critical moments in the races, but I wasn't sure if I should be quite competent to know when the critical moments exactly came, so I thought that perhaps it would be better to leave that part of the performance to some one of greater experience in those matters. Besides, I have some slight regard for appearances, even on the river bank, though most self-respect does usually seem to be laid aside there, and I rather drew the line at dinner-bells.

"I'd never seen the start before that last night. Have you? It's a queer sort of arrange-

ment. When the boats have all arrived unpunctually at their respective destinations, the crews get out and stand about killing more time, and saying the last tender nothings to the admiring knots of the other men of their College that have come down to cheer them on their sorrowful way. For I don't know why it is—have you noticed it?—that boating men as a rule, when they are in training, and when they are being coached, and when you meet them out early in the morning—nót that I do that very often myself,—and when they have to go to bed punctually at some self-inflicted hour, and when they see you eating dessert or the pastry of tarts, or smoking, and even when they sit down on a hard chair, in fact, everywhen, seem to look upon themselves as special objects of pity, and rather resent if you don't immediately begin to treat them as such without their telling you. I'm sure nobody ever asked them to be so uncomfortable, but some people seem to have an idea that the more so one makes one's self the more

virtue there is about it. I don't see the argument myself, but so many people seem to, that I suppose there must be something in it.

"But I was telling you about the start, wasn't I? Well, when time has been given for sufficient admiration and condolence, and each College knot has glared enough at each other College knot in a don't-think-much-of-your-boat way, somebody fires a gun. Then the screws scramble into their boats, and remove all unnecessary clothing, and they are shoved out as far as possible into the middle of the stream by two long poles, one at the bow, and the other at the stern, while cox holds on to a chain with a cannon-ball at the end, and the boat is advanced as far on its way toward the winning-post before the start as the length of this chain will allow it. Then the very last things are said all over again, a little dismal chaff perhaps, the kind of things that you say to any one that has come to see you off at the railway, and the train hasn't

started punctually; and then when the person with the gun has loaded it again, and screwed up his courage to the proper point—and that's necessary, as I should think that the weapon was the same one used at the first Lent races that ever were, judging from what I saw of it —it seems to be a way that the fire-arms down by the river seem to have, of being antiquated— well, off goes the gun again. Then everybody cranes, and strains, and does every thing else that it is habitual to do under the influence of breathless excitement, and one man who has charge of the College boat-club chronometer says, 'Half a minute, quarter of a minute, ten, five, etc.,' and then there comes another bang, and a rushing, and a shouting, and a splashing, and bells ring, and rattles spring, and everybody who has got hold of any thing connected with the business lets go, and you are carried along, provided you can keep on your legs, yelling as if you had just been let loose from a lunatic asylum. I ran for some way, but I gradually got left behind, and found

myself getting mixed up first with one extraneous College, and then with another, till I thought I might as well stop and walk in, as I had done enough that day to show my patriotism. I accompanied the flag home, and I'm going to the orgy, because, you know, though I'm not exactly what you may call a boating-man, yet you see I'm not one of those indifferent fellows that take no interest in any thing."

IV.

ON THE FRESHERS'.

"HULLO! Good afternoon! Are you at home? You're not sported, so I suppose that means you are. Not going to do your hour's work before Hall as usual. Going to give yourself a rest for once and a way. Well, that's a thing I occasionally do myself. Besides I've had rather an exciting afternoon, and I didn't think I could settle down to any thing, so I thought I'd just drop in and see if you had any tea going.

"Where have I been this fine afternoon? Well, I've been up the Freshers' with Toyler in a canoe. Not a double one; I wasn't such a fool as to risk myself with Toyler in a double canoe. I took Toyler out because I thought he wanted some mild exercise. You know

Toyler is going in for a scholarship in May, and I think he's overworking himself. He's relapsing into a stupid state, and he's beginning to bore me by the idiotic way he sits and listens to me when I go in to talk to him, or he comes up and stares at me for company's sake in my rooms. I believe he practises for his scholarship by turning my remarks into Greek anapæsts or something of that sort; and as for making any original conversation of his own, he never had any very great capabilities in that line, but he's beginning to lose the few he had. So I thought he wanted freshening up, and as I had nothing better to do, I thought I might as well do him a good turn. You see, Toyler isn't such a bad sort of fellow, though he is such a rum one, and one likes to do him a kindness sometimes.

"I thought at first of coming round to pick you up, but then I thought perhaps you mightn't like to be seen about with Toyler. You see, men I know understand about me and Toyler: they know I know Toyler at

home, and so of course it's all right my going out occasionally with him: besides, of course, perhaps Toyler might resent it a little if I never took any notice of him, and might go making remarks to his people, and then they might resent too—those sort of people always are so touchy—and a little coldness might spring up between his people and mine; and of course it would be awkward if there was a split between the parson and the squire in the parish; it very often sets all the congregation by the ears. So, don't you see, one has to be a little diplomatic about these sort of things Oh, you didn't know Toyler's father was our parson at home, didn't you? Well, now I come to think of it, I don't know why you should. Well, he is, the Rev. Jeremiah Toyler; rummy old bird, used to coach me before I went to school—just like Toyler, fourteen small children, and starving himself to send Toyler up here: I must say Toyler's a good son, when you come to think of it. When you come to stay with me I'll introduce you.

"But of course, as I was saying, it isn't necessary for you ever to be seen about with Toyler, so that's why I didn't come round after all. We started directly after lunch. I made Toyler change: he didn't want to at first, because he said he didn't think it worth while, but I told him that was all bosh. Because of course it's only smugs that go getting themselves beastly hot in their everyday clothes, and then come and sit next one in Hall; and besides that I wasn't going to have Toyler tumbling in and spoiling his respectable clothes. Why, I know he's badly off enough as it is, and it would be an awful pinch if he had to get more than a certain amount of new clothes every year.

"I'm glad to say Toyler was—what d'ye call it?—oh, amenable,—so he went and changed. He certainly did change, very completely, and he didn't leave me any room for objecting to his being too smart. He's got a very old pair of flannels and a very old boating blazer that he got when he first came up, and, as he's

grown six inches since then,—as Cambridge air and the general style of living agree with him so, he says—you know, these garments are not what you might call a perfect fit. Then he wouldn't put on a cap, though he's got a pretty respectable one, because he'd sort of taken a scare at what I'd said about his upsetting, and said he didn't want to have it spoilt, so he put on an old squash hat, and then we started.

"We got down Mill Lane all right, though the boys did seem to look at Toyler rather. However, if he will get himself up such a figure it's his own fault; but he doesn't seem to mind much, and as we didn't meet any one I knew, it didn't matter. Then we got to the man with the canoes. By-the-by, did you know one had to put down one's name at the bottom of a sort of affirmation that one can swim? I didn't before, but the man produced a book and said we must swear an oath or do something of that sort that we could swim a hundred yards. I'm sure it's very unnecessary. I shouldn't swim a hundred yards if I tumbled

out of a canoe in the Freshers'. At least it would be a very superrogatory method of proceeding. Perhaps some men would, though: there's no accounting for tastes. But you should have seen old Toyler rush at the book. He was awfully eager to show he could swim. I should never have thought he could do any thing half so athletic; but it seems he learnt it a long time ago. He says it's one of the few useful branches of exercise that he looks upon as necessary for a man to know, and he kept up a dissertation on its advantages to such a length that I had to stop him when we got to the bathing-sheds. You know Toyler's rather a bore in that way. He doesn't converse, but whenever he gets on to any subject that he thinks practically beneficial to mankind, and that he considers himself competent to propagate, he'll never let any one else get a word in sideways. And that's a thing I can never stand. Can you?

"Toyler surprised me this afternoon by his performances. It seems that there has been a

period of his life when he used habitually to go up the Freshers' by way of exercise. He says he used to go by himself very often last summer term. Odd idea, isn't it, going off on the sly in a canoe by one's self. I shouldn't care to do it, but that's one of Toyler's peculiarities; he can get on so well by himself. He said he did it by way of the best form of exercise he could think of instead of grinds, because paddling expanded one's chest so, and he generally found that when he went out with any one else they dawdled so, and didn't seem to look upon it as regular exercise, and that wasted time, so he found going alone suited him best; and he was very nearly well off into Dissertation II on the advantages of boating on the Freshers' as a form of exercise, when I had to stop him.

"Toyler isn't bad in a canoe at all, and he's rather superior at going round some of those corners. D'you know them? I haven't been up the Freshers' since last summer, and I'd almost forgotten about them. They seem to get

worse and worse as you get further up the river, and the stream gets harder and harder. I never saw such an angular river in all my life, except that one in Keith Johnstone's Physical Atlas, that I never believed in till now. Then there are a lot of trees and bramble-bushes stuck about, and it doesn't matter which bank they're on, or how unreasonable it seems that it should do so, but the current always goes straight for them and takes you into them if you don't look out sharp, and you know it isn't particularly pleasant to find yourself suddenly hung up like Absalom in the middle of a thorn-bush. I don't know if there's any thing in science that would explain it. Is it the attraction of gravitation, or the causes of currents, or any thing of that sort, d'you suppose? At any rate, you'll notice whenever you go up the Freshers' that there is an average of one man in every bush all the way up to Byron's Pool.

"Then there are sand-banks and all sorts of obstacles, and I can't myself help thinking

that they must have done something to the length of the stream since I was up there last, —put an extra reach on, perhaps,—but it certainly seemed much longer than I thought. At any rate, I never felt till this afternoon that so much exercise could be got out of the Freshers'.

"But, as I was saying, you should have seen Toyler. He quite excited my admiration by the way he went along. He kept well up the middle of the stream, and he even had to wait for me once or twice, because, you see, I've got a little out of practice, and the stream did puzzle me sometimes. You know, Toyler hasn't been doing a lot of different sorts of things as I have since he went out last summer, so that of course his hand hasn't lost its cunning so much by constant variety. Besides, there was another man in a funny with red hair who seemed to have conceived a violent but tacit attachment to me, and whenever I got past a bush safely he thought it necessary to go out of his way to mix himself up with me, and

take me into it to help him to look at it, which delayed me a good deal.

"Toyler isn't a bad companion on the Freshers'. He knows a good deal about the formation of the banks, and the different weeds one sees on them, and the birds, and all those sort of things, and provided he doesn't get too long-winded he does very well. I can't make out when he gets time to pick up all his information, what with all the reading he does. I must say I learnt a good deal this afternoon, in a roundabout way, when I and he could manage to keep alongside of each other, which, however, was only at intervals, as he was always somehow getting ahead,—my canoe would wobble so,—and of course it would have looked ridiculous for him to be going along spouting out Natural History or Botany with his back turned toward me.

"Byron's Pool was looking rather well this afternoon. I got out, and Toyler went and floated about and studied the shells in the

bank, and the under-currents, and all that sort of thing. Then I got in again, and just went up under the weir, and then we started to come back again. Then came what you may call the *dénouement*. Somehow or other I can't make out, but there was a tree sunk, and my canoe tried to climb up it in a sort of way, and the paddle got twisted round it, I think, and before I knew where I was —I was even in the middle of a sentence, talking to Toyler,—but I found myself finishing it with only my head sticking out of the water. I swam ashore as fast as I could, and there was that old ape Toyler laughing at me like any thing, instead of going off, as he ought, after my paddle and canoe and things. He certainly did apologize afterward, but he said he couldn't help it, I looked so funny. I should like to know what business a fellow like Toyler had to see any thing funny in another fellow upsetting. It was enough to make any one angry, and I could see he wasn't a bit sorry, at any rate

he wouldn't stop laughing, though he did at last have the sense to go and stop my canoe from getting right away.

"Then I thought perhaps on the whole it would be better to run home instead of sitting in my wet clothes in the canoe all the way, so I did. Luckily I didn't meet any one I knew personally, but I met a lot of people who I know know who I am, and besides that I met that girls' school one is always seeing going about two and two whenever one goes up the Fitzwilliam way. I don't know why they should have chosen this afternoon in particular to do the Grantchester grind, but I wish they hadn't; I tried as hard as I could to pretend that I had only been out for pleasure, on hare and hounds, or perhaps playing football at Grantchester or somewhere, and was returning that way as a matter of every-day occurrence; but my flannels made a noise as if they were made of leather, and my boots squished loud enough to be heard a good twenty yards off, so I'm afraid my efforts did not answer. However, by the

time I got into the outskirts of Cambridge I was tolerably dry, and though I did leave a certain amount of footmarks up the pavement, like man Friday in Robinson Crusoe, I didn't make such a confounded row.

"When I got to my rooms I found Toyler had got in before me, and had got me a hot bath ready, and a receipt for keeping the cold out that his grandmother had given him. He had paddled down faster than I had run. The stream must be going a fearful pace, mustn't it?

"Yes, you're right, Toyler isn't a bad sort after all. I certainly think there must perhaps be something in his grandmother's mixture. I drank it, you know, because I thought there could at any rate be no harm in it. And, I do feel very comfortable after it, and none the worse for my ducking. But you know, I can't conceive how it was it happened.

"What, you'd really like to know Toyler? Well, that's odd. I wonder at any one who hasn't any calls on Toyler troubling himself

about knowing him. Perhaps, though, you would get on together, now I come to think of it; you're both more or less reading-men. Only, I say, don't go talking nothing but shop when you're together: give a fellow a chance of getting in a word now and then.

"All right, then, I'll bring him round. Or better, come to lunch to-morrow. Half-past one or two? name your own time: all the same to me. Two? all right—well, half-past one would suit me best but—well, if you don't really mind, say half-past one. Good night. Thanks for the tea."

you wouldn't think it perhaps, but when Toyler and I were at school together, I used to be his fag. I used to take great care of you, didn't I, Toyler? But the trouble you used to be to me. You were always letting the other fellows bag your things and I had to find them for you. I don't think you'll ever improve, Toyler. What a bother your wife will have taking care of you, if you can't get one that is as automatic as you are.

"Ah! here's the lunch. Put it down here, please. What have you ordered, Toyler? Remember, I left it entirely to you. I hope you haven't been acting on the principles of health and confining yourself to nothing but the strictly wholesomes. What are these, Toyler? Cutlets a la—What d'you call 'em? Soubise did you say? What is Soubise? or where is Soubise? or is Soubise the French for tomatoes? —because this is distinctly tomato sauce. Really, Toyler, you're very ignorant. You ought to investigate these sort of things before you go ordering them. It's very rash of

you not doing so, and I wonder at it, considering how methodical you are in your eating. Well, let's sit down and begin. Toyler, you sit that end. I perceive you have ordered a chicken; you shall therefore carve it. Now why you should choose the hardest chair in the room, I don't know. It's false modesty, Toyler—I don't like it. Take another. That's my digesting chair, that I keep for after meals to prevent my going to sleep.

"Won't have any cutlet, Toyler? Now, that's nonsense. Here, hand over your plate, and don't jaw. What's the matter with you now, that you're going off your feed? Never eat much lunch, did you say? Is that part of your method? No, now, it's no use saying a hard-boiled egg is equal to a quarter of a pound of meat; I don't believe it. It's very bad for you, Toyler. If you'd only not starve yourself, and take more exercise, you'd be able to work much better. Your two hours every day isn't half enough. Why, look at me. What's that your mumbling? You don't

think I work very much? Toyler, if you say that I'll throw this bit of bread at you. Your conduct is not gentlemanly. And what business have you criticizing what I do, I should like to know?

"You know, this fellow Toyler is getting a perfect hypochondriac. You should just see the array of bottles and things he's got in his rooms by way of stimulants and brain-power. He'll ruin his constitution before he's twenty-five, and then he'll repent it. You'd much better take life jollily while you can, Toyler, you mark my words. Yes, Toyler, it's all very well your sitting there and smirking like an old cow, as if you knew a great deal more about it than I; but you don't, and you'll be sorry some time or other.

"What'll you have to drink? Claret, sherry, or beer? All right. Toyler? Oh, you're going to drink Zoedone, your private tap, are you? Well, I wish you joy. Zoedone isn't bad if you mix something else with it. But as Zoedone I don't care for it. Well, Toy-

ler, when you've done writhing about the room with that bottle, and have broken the cork, and have driven the rest down inside, perhaps—ah, there you go, fizzing it all over the carpet. Horrid stuff, you can't even get it to effervesce at the right time. Brain-power, indeed! Why can't you drink beer or wine like a rational creature? Always trying something patent.

"Yes, you know, I actually convicted Toyler of trying a bottle of Anti-Fat, amongst other things. And when I taxed him with it, he said he thought that it would save him half an hour's exercise every day. But it didn't do you any good, you know, because you told me that you had been to be weighed before you began, and you were 10.7, and then you went again after you'd had a bottle, and you were 10.8. You see that's just an instance of the way he goes on.

"Finished? All right, sit down, I'll take away the plates. Toyler, carve the chicken. Give your visitor a nice piece. What do you

say? Did I wish to intimate that you didn't know what was manners? Really, Toyler, you're very touchy to-day. I can't think what's come over you. You've been taking too much Eno. And especially when you ought to be making yourself pleasant. Because, Toyler, you know, I asked you two to lunch on purpose to meet each other, and you've scarcely spoken a word all the time, except to mumble to yourself. You think I am making a fool of you? Well, well, perhaps it is rather a shame my telling all your little secrets. If they were secrets. But how was I likely to know that you didn't mind everybody knowing them? You shouldn't ever do any thing you're ashamed of, Toyler. But I'll shut up, if you'll be a little more agreeable. Go on with your chicken, Toyler, old boy. There, you haven't kept half enough for yourself. Take this piece, and give me a leg. Mind your hand! You'd much better put on your spectacles, Toyler. Oh, for goodness' sake, hand it over here! I hate to see a poor dumb creature in pain.

"Oh, though, I must tell you, it's so awfully good, of just one more of Toyler's last experiments. You won't mind, Toyler, will you? there can't be any harm in it. And I won't say any thing more afterward. Besides, if you come to that, you ought to be proud of being utilized as an awful example for your fellow-creatures. You know, Toyler was spelling down the advertisements in the paper in the Union, because somebody had sat down on the news part, and Toyler was much too modest to ask him to move, and he saw something about that stuff Revalenta Arabica and all its virtues, how it could cure any thing from the toothache to a broken leg, and amongst the intermediate things it mentioned inaptitude to work. Well, you know, Toyler has got into such a state that the very word 'Work' excites him like a red rag with a bull, so he rushed off and bought a tin of this stuff and tried it. How long did you keep to it, Toyler? Three days? and it answered very well? Well, Toyler, all I can say is that you must have very remarkable

tastes. I was rashly persuaded to try some, as I was a little seedy. It's made of lentils, and Toyler tried to reconcile me to it by telling me that it was the *fac-simile* of the mess of pottage that Jacob gave Esau, intimating that he was to represent Jacob and I Esau. I felt much more like representing Cain and Abel at the time. As to its giving you aptitude to work, Toyler, it certainly acts so far that you don't feel particularly eager to move about much till some time after you've taken it,—much the same as when you're crossing the channel,—but beyond that I can't say more for it. I don't say it's not wholesome, because it must be; it's so nasty: but I wouldn't recommend it as a regular article of diet. Now, shut up, I know you'll only say something foolish when you get on to your quackeries.

"No, you can't say it's a substitute for meat, because you know you told me yourself you thought it wanted an egg or something chopped up in it to give it a flavor, so you can't even plead vegetarianism. So you'd bet-

ter drop the argument. Have some tart? No tart, Toyler? Really, when I commission you to order lunch for your own benefit, I think it looks very bad when you won't eat any thing. You're afraid you must be going. Why's that? Because it's half-past two, and you must be back to your work by half-past four. Really, Toyler, you are a martyr to method. Well, I'll let you go, otherwise I know you'll be as grumpy as a bear with a sore head. Good-bye. Pleasant walk to you.

"Rummy fellow, Toyler, isn't he? Oh, no, he doesn't really mind my chaffing him, but I never knew him like this before: he's getting too proud. Work is having a bad effect on his morals. Perhaps I do do it rather too much, but then I can't help it: there's something about Toyler that makes one. Besides, a little change of that sort is good for him.

"Have a cigarette, and then we'll go for a stroll."

VI.

BACK AGAIN—MAY TERM.

"HULLO! How d'ye do? You've come up early this term. I heard you were up, but I haven't been able to come round and see you before. You've come up pothunting, haven't you? Though perhaps you don't like calling it pothunting: that's to say if you look at it from the honor and glory point of view. But I believe most men only look on scholarships in a pecuniary light. My tutor wanted me to try for one, so I came up partly to please him, but I don't particularly want the money, so I'm not troubling myself much about it. It's much better that those should get it that want it.

"Are you doing any work just now? Because, if so, I won't interrupt you. But I

don't think it's a good thing doing much work while you're actually in the examination. That's to say, unless you know exactly what's the next paper you're going to have. Then it is some use getting up the last tips:—though as far as I've had any experience even that generally results in getting up the wrong ones. You don't believe in tips at all, do you say? That shows you don't know the nature of examiners. I believe they study the cram-books just as much as we do, and get their questions out of them, so there we are, trying which can impose on the other most.

"But as I was saying, I don't think under ordinary circumstances it's a good thing to read much during the examination. Because it's like being in for a race: you don't go and row a course just before the race itself: you take rest and relaxation. I'm taking relaxation now: come round to see you. But be sure and say if you think you want to work. Because I wouldn't like any one to say that my system interfered with anybody else's.

Like that fellow Cacket, you know, who's always dropping in and wasting one's time when one doesn't want him.

"I've been spending most of my spare time settling. Not that I find one's got much spare time when one's in for a scholarship. I mean time for getting right out, and getting freshened up between or before or after the papers. That is if one doesn't make an absolute fool of one's self, and show up blank papers. I think they might manage the times better than they do. They take up all the best and most getoutable part of the day over the papers, and then one gets all muddled up and unfit for any thing. I feel it's beginning to tell upon me already. And then, as I said, I'm not even working so hard as I might be: so it must be much worse to the men that are, and stop in for the whole of the papers.

"But, as it was, I came up a great deal to do my furnishing. You know I've just changed my rooms: you must come round and see them when they're finished. I moved because I felt

I wanted a change. I'm really going to begin working hard this term, and so I wanted to get rid of all my old associations. I can't work without stimulus, and if one always has to go to the same corner of the room, and get a thing out of the same drawer, one gets into too mechanical a state, and one can't adapt one's self to new things half so well. Don't you think so? Oh, well, perhaps I'm different. I have to go down about every four weeks for a thorough change, and what with that and shifting my furniture about once every four days, I manage to get through the term. You try it —now I really recommend you—you'll find you'll be able to do twice as much work. That is judging by myself: proportionately, you know; you do a good lot now, and don't move your furniture: if I didn't move my furniture, I should do nothing: therefore, as your work is to my work, so would be your work moving your furniture to mine, ditto,—let's see, though, that doesn't seem to come right either:—it wants to be written down.

"I don't know that I altogether like my new rooms quite so much as I expected, now I have come into them. I find they're rather out of repair to begin with, and I've had to spend a good deal of time that I have been in them out of them, because they've been occupied by workmen putting them to rights.

"I don't want to grumble, but I'll just tell you, for instance. The very first day I came up, my chimney began to smoke so that I couldn't see the clock on the other side of the room. And when I complained to the bed-maker she said that was what it always did when the wind sat in any but one particular quarter, and the man who'd been there before always liked it because it was good for the lungs. But you know, of course, that was all bosh, so I went to the bursar and spoke about it, because every thing I had was getting ruined, and I was getting as black as a hat myself, and I couldn't invite any of my friends in even to have a quiet smoke. So next day a

man turned up in my rooms while I was at breakfast, and I saw another going up a ladder outside my window, and then the two set to work interchanging familiarities to each other up and down the chimney, quite regardless of my being in the room and wanting to work. At first they couldn't settle which was the right chimney, and the man on the top dropped a brick down the one he thought was it, and wasn't, and it went into the man who keeps below me's saucepan and upset all his milk, and brought him to find out what was the matter—not the very best way of starting an acquaintance, you know, and I want always to be on good terms if I can with all the men on my staircase. And I had to have my fire out all day to the evening, and I haven't even got the use of Toyler's kettle now, because I couldn't get him to change to this staircase too, so altogether I was in a state of considerable discomfort.

"Toyler said it was too expensive, but I'm not altogether sure that he isn't begin-

ning to want to cut me now. 'Pon my word, sometimes I'm inclined to think Toyler's getting arrogant. I've introduced him to too many men. He's beginning to think he knows too much.

"Then the first night after that it came on to rain hard, and I woke up about three o'clock in the morning and found a great cataract pouring through on to my head. I had to get out of bed and haul it into the middle of the room, and pass the rest of the night as best I could, camping-out outside the counterpane on the foot of the bed under an umbrella, because the sheets were all wet through. You know, I don't mind roughing it where necessary, but I think it is rather out of place in one's own bedroom. Then the man had to come in again and spend another day standing on my bed prodding about my ceiling trying to find the crack, and at last when he couldn't find it that way, he went outside and found a whole slate gone: he said he thought that might possibly have some-

thing to do with it: I thought so too. He'd probably put his foot through it while he was after the other job.

"So altogether, what with one thing and another, I've had to wander about a good deal, But I've had a good deal to do out of doors, luckily, with my furnishing. My rooms will be simply gorgeous when they're done. You must come round and see them. At present they're rather full, so you'd better not come in just yet. I've got two sets of furniture in, and it's mostly one on top of the other, so there isn't much room left for festivity or any thing of that sort. Besides, at present one never can tell when the place isn't going to be infested with workmen. However, I'll look around and tell you when things are ready for you; then we'll have a housewarming.

"Good night then, for the present."

VII.

ON EARLY RISING, ETC.

"MAY I come in? Hullo! aren't you up yet? D'you feel inclined to get up and come out for half an hour before breakfast with Toyler and me? It'll do you all the good in the world. Ah! you were sitting up too late last night, I'll be bound. Working, were you? That's not a good thing, I can tell you. Now, you ask any doctor or any one that knows any thing about it, and they'll tell you the same. It's much better to get up early in the morning and do your work. We always do it now, I and Toyler, now that we've both become reading-men. I got up on Monday, and—no, I didn't yesterday because I was rather tired,—but I've got up this morning, so you see I'm keeping up to it pretty well.

"You don't think you'll get up just yet, don't you? Oh, you might as well, it's an awfully jolly morning, and we can wait while you tumble into your clothes. I wouldn't have disturbed you if I hadn't thought you'd have liked it, because I know how I hate being disturbed myself, but if you only knew how jolly it is once you are up, you'd think it a sin to be lying in bed at seven o'clock on a morning like this.

"I can wait while you dress. I can amuse myself perfectly well with some of your books. Only don't be long. Toyler is waiting downstairs, looking after my dog while I just ran up to call you. You know it's partly because of the dog that I've taken to going out regularly every morning, because it wants some exercise, and it's rather a nuisance having to take it out in the afternoon when one wants to go somewhere else.

"Oh, then, you are going to get up. Look here, I'll pour out your bath for you. Now I'll retire into the other room and wait. I'll

just call to Toyler out of the window, and tell him you're coming. How long d'you think you'll be? About twenty minutes?

"Toyler! we'll be down in about twenty minutes. I'll tell you what: you might take the animal for a stroll to fill up time and come back for us! Only take care of him! You'd better keep his chain on!! You don't mind, do you? We'll be as quick as we can!!!

"Toyler's a good sort of chap on the whole, you know. He's been uncommonly useful to me about this dog. Before I took to getting up early, I discovered that he had been in the habit of always doing it, and so I asked him if he would mind taking the dog out. He was rather pleased at the idea, and said he should like a companion. Not that I believe the dog pays much attention to him, because he's particularly attached to me and won't go to every one. But Toyler lets himself be led about by the dog with a chain, and rather swaggers about it, and I believe persuades

himself that everybody whom he meets out on his morning grind thinks it's his dog, and that all his less fortunate reading-friends who haven't got dogs are burning their souls out with envy.

"How are you getting on? I hear you've done your tub. Are you dry yet? I advise you, mind how you dry yourself. You ask a doctor or any one and they'll tell you that drying is the most important part of your tub; if you hurry over it and leave drops of water in the crevices they get into your clothes and produce rheumatism and all sorts of things. Don't hurry for me. I can manage perfectly well in here. And Toyler's gone for a walk, so he won't mind.

"I say, I'm looking at your prizes. What a jolly lot of them you've got. I've got some. Only I don't usually allow men to look at them. Most men have such dirty hands as a rule. Not that they mean them to be dirty, but every thing is so naturally dirty up here. Your banisters, for instance. Why, I washed

my hands just before I came out, and now they're simply black just from touching your banisters to help myself as I ran up here. Look here, there's a big thumb-mark some one's been and left on this book I've got here.

"What a jolly writing-table you've got. It's something like mine. I like a writing-table with a lot of drawers in it. It looks so like work. I keep all my right-hand drawers for my unfinished work, and all my left-hand drawers for my finished work; but I never seem to have enough to put in my left-hand drawers. What do you keep in your drawers? D'you mind my looking? Hullo! what's this? Poetry? I say, d'you write poetry? So do I sometimes, when I feel idle. May I read this? . . . . I think that's rather good, only I shouldn't have put in that bit about the girl's eyes. It's such a common sort of remark nowadays. . . . By Jove! I like this 'Ode to Eleanor' of yours. But who is Eleanor? I can't quite make out if you mean the queen,

or if you're addressing some female you know as your queen. Is Eleanor a real person?

"Oh, here you are at last. Only got your coat and waistcoat to put on and you'll be ready. I say, I hope you don't mind my looking at these things. I was sure you wouldn't. Got your boots on? All right, come along.

"Now I wonder what's become of Toyler and that dog of mine. Oh, here they are coming up the street. He's a nice dog, isn't he? He's worth an awful lot of money. Spoilt as a sportsman when young, unluckily, but he's an awfully good companion. Here you are, Toyler. Say good morning. Where have you been to? Round the parallelogram? Hope you and your dog haven't been getting into any mischief. I think you can let him loose now. He knows me well enough and won't want to get away.

"I call him Wellington. Here, Wellington, old man, come and talk to your master! Aren't you glad to see me? Wellington! come here! Confound him! he's off after that

milkman. To heel! Wellington!! Toyler, just go across the road and stop him running into that porter's lodge. Give him a good whack with your stick if he won't attend. Wellington! come here! Ah, you brute, I've got you now. Now just keep close to heel, and don't go off after any of your larks again.

"Which way shall we go? It's getting rather late now. I don't think we shall get much walk this morning. I think down Silver Street and by the backs and up by King's Bridge. I think that's an awfully jolly view. I don't know if you care for views, but I could always go out of my way to look at that. Oh, I forgot though, we can't go through there with a dog. We must get round by Garrett's Hostel lane. That'll be grind enough for this morning. You must be ready earlier some other day, and then we'll take a longer one. As it is I feel rather a craving for my breakfast already. And you ask any doctor and he'll tell you—

"Hullo, what's become of that dog again?

I'm bothered if he isn't off after that cart. Toyler, do run and stop him while I go this way. Call him, Toyler! What's that you're calling him? Tommy? Toyler, I should like to know who authorized you to call my dog Tommy. You learnt it from the man at the livery stables? Well, I shall just move my dog from those livery stables if they're going to give it new names and teach it not to answer me when I call it. Don't call him Tommy, Toyler. What d'you say? It answers the purpose better at present than Wellington? Well, even if it does, and he does come to it better, I'm not going to have him getting used to any thing but Wellington, so don't call him by that name. Now, you've got him. I really think perhaps we had better put the chain on or else we shall never get on at all.

"I'll take the chain, Toyler.

"How jolly the backs are looking just at present. I think the backs are the prettiest part of Cambridge. There aren't many pretty places about here, but—

"Come on, Wellington! What are you stopping now for? You're getting too fat. Toyler, you ought to run this dog more when you take him out for exercise. Get up, Wellington! I wasn't talking to you about the view. I didn't tell you to sit down and look at it.

"Have you ever been to Oxford? I don't think the Colleges are half so jolly there as these. Not that I've ever been there, but only from what I've been told. I've been always intending—

"Now look here, would you ever suppose that a dog could have mixed himself up with a lamp-post like this? Really, Wellington, you are too bad. Toyler, you've utterly ruined this dog, you know. Why he used to do anything I told him. What's that you say? He usually follows you right enough? I don't believe you, Toyler. Here, take him and try. Now, we'll see.

"Toyler, that's not fair. I didn't give him biscuit. It's the only way to manage him, d'you say? I should like to know how you're

to know. He's my dog, and the man I bought him of the beginning of last term warranted him as perfectly trained to come to his master whenever he was called. You're not his master, Toyler, though you have been taking him out every morning. You've been corrupting him with biscuit and training him up in the way he shouldn't go. I've spoilt him by letting him associate too much with you.

"We seem to get along quicker now, though it is by unjustifiable means. But, I say, Toyler, we must have a reform. I can't go walking about with my dog perpetually inducing him along with a biscuit.

"Bring him carefully through the town, Toyler.

"Now you can take him in and tell the man that I shall take to coming and seeing him fed. I don't think they can do it properly somehow."

VIII.

ON MUSIC.

"I SAY, I wish you could put me up to some dodge of stopping that fellow Peddle on my staircase from playing. He's only just begun since I moved over to his staircase. It's awfully hard, you know, when a man has decided to start reading, that another man should just choose that particular occasion to start a new piano. And, you know, Peddle can't play a bit; he's awfully great on theory—but as for practice—well I won't go so far as to say he doesn't practise—but I wish he'd go and do it somewhere else. If he'd only get one of those dummy pianos that don't make any noise, I'm sure he'd get just as much pleasure out of it, because he hasn't the slightest appreciation of any thing he plays, and

goes on just the same, pounding out whatever's in the book—if he comes to a false note, he plays it without any hesitation, and is quite contented with the result. Why, for instance, in one of his tunes there is a note that I've been and tried to point out to him by the hour he has been playing all wrong, and he sticks to it through thick and thin that he must be right, though any one with half an idea about harmony can see that there is a misprint in the book. I believe if the tune was put on upside down in front of him, he would take it for granted it was all right, and set to work backward.

"You know, we've got a College rule that men mayn't play before two in the afternoon, but Peddle has got over that. There isn't any rule about how long any one may keep it up at the other end, so he begins at two, and I believe sometimes he never goes to bed—though I've never actually sat up late enough myself to see—but he goes on at it till two next day, and, of course, if you keep to the

strict rules of the constitution, or whatever you call it in the techinal way, you can't interfere with him if you can't catch him during an interval.

"I've tried the broadest hints I could think of, but they weren't any good, and he only makes me feel as if I should like to lose my temper by the self-satisfied way with which he looks back smiling at me over his shoulders, while he leaves his hands wandering over the piano by themselves in a worse way than ever. I asked if he didn't think it would be a good thing if he joined the Musical Society, and went to practise whenever they did. I thought I should get him out of the way at least for some little time, if I could persuade him to do that, but he said, or at least he implied, that he would be thrown away at those meetings. Perhaps he meant he has tried, and has been rejected—'pon my word, I shouldn't wonder.

"Then I thought I'd try what Toyler could do, because, you know, when Toyler comes in to work with me, Peddle's just as much a nui-

sance to him as to me, so I introduced Toyler to him, and then turned him in to his rooms with a grand piece of irony—I told him to say that his sweetness was wasted on our desert air. But Toyler's such an old stick, and he didn't manage it half properly; instead of leading up the conversation, and then coming out with it as a regular crusher, he simply went straight in and said, 'I say, do you know, I think your sweetness is wasted on the desert air.' Of course that spoilt it all, because it sounded rude; besides, it wasn't true, because Toyler hadn't thought it himself at all; but it's no use ever trying him at those sort of things. Well, of course, the result was that Peddle turned rusty, and intimated that he didn't care how soon Toyler left, so that plan failed.

"You know, ever since Peddle's set up this instrument, he has never done any thing but play on it. All the exercise he ever takes now is of grinding up and down it, hunting after the Lost Chord, I daresay. I really believe—

no humbug about it—that he must walk up and down it. I'm sure no one could ever produce such awful noises out of a piano with his hands as he sometimes does. I've been into his rooms and found all his crockery bounding about as if there was an earthquake, but then he was only taking his arm exercise: he was working as hard as if he was rowing, but the noise he produced was quite of a minor description; I've never been able to catch him actually at his leg work yet. He's lately got a new pair of boots, very thick and strong, and I had hoped he had been meaning to begin a system of grinds, or riding, or bicycling, any thing to take him away for at least some time in the day, but it has only resulted in the production of a series of louder crashes from the instrument than before. D'you think now there is any way of stopping him? 'Music hath charms,' I know, and, 'The man that hath not music in his soul'—at least, Peddle has music in his sole, or thinks he has—it's all very well, but when it comes to a man making a piano

into a means of taking regular and violent exercise as if it were a bicycle, I think it's high time somebody set to work to suppress him.

"Peddle, though, isn't the only man with a piano about; I can hear three from my rooms across the court, and they go on just as bad as he does all the morning, but as they aren't actually on my staircase, I don't feel that I have so much right to interfere with them, except just to remonstrate occcasionally with them in a friendly and casual sort of way. There is Thumper on the ground floor, and Keenot on the floor overhead, and the third man I hardly know—and don't want to. Thumper plays the classical music of the past; Keenot indulges in the comic songs and dance music of the present, while the top-floor man goes in for the music of the future—Wagner in double Z, and all that sort of thing. When they're all playing together there is a certain want of symphony between their different styles, but I might perhaps get used to that if it wasn't that the pianos

are all tuned to different keys, and have a tendency to jar on one's sensitive organs. I've had to give up trying to enjoy their performances, and all I can do is to close up my window as tightly as possible, and put things in my ears, and get into the extremest corner of my room, and strive to forget their existence.

"You know, I think something ought to be done to suppress this music. There ought to be a general agitation about it throughout the University. The public would have to assemble in some given place—say the Guildhall—and bind themselves by an unanimous oath never to touch a musical instrument again. I don't think any thing milder than this would do, the oath must be taken by the whole community; because if every one didn't feel that he would have every one opposed to him, and that there would not even be the smallest chance of having any one on his side, why, he'd just let himself off, and things would begin again as badly as ever.

"I should be perfectly willing to subscribe to this oath myself: and you know it isn't because I don't like music—from my earliest youth up I've always been very fond of it—in its right place—and I've always been more or less ambitious of mastering some instrument; at the beginning of this term, for instance, I became rather more. I used to play the concertina once when I was at a private school, but I never could get quite to manipulate the stops, though I was very good with the blowing part of the business. Then I did a little on the banjo when I first went to a public school, and could make a very tolerable sound on that, when the strings happened to fit themselves into tune, but what with one thing and another I had to give up music for some time, and only used to play on the comb, or occasionally with one finger on the piano, when my people let me, at home. Now, though, I think music will be good for me as a relief in the intervals of my work, and I'm doing a little on the cornet-à-piston. I can't say for

certain I'm getting on very well at present, but then, I have to practise under difficulties. You know, of course, it wouldn't be consistent if I was to go and set my face so hard against other people's playing, and then kick up a row myself. I shouldn't care to have every one know, you know, because that sort of thing makes a man look such an ass, but I don't mind telling you, I practise in strict secrecy, in my bedroom, after every one has retired, and nobody is likely to come in and find me at it, except Peddle, and of course he's always pretty safe at his own machine. Then I don't make any sound yet, but I do the tune in dumb show in front of the looking-glass, as I want Peddle to do; I think I am getting tolerably used to the notes, but I don't know how they will sound when I take to really blowing. I think I shall go down for change of air for a few days soon, to Hunstanton or Cromer or somewhere, and then I can try the effect without displeasing any one that matters.

"Hullo! half-past ten! And I meant to

have got home early to-night. Only as I was going along back to College from a man's I had been to see, I remembered about Peddle, and thought perhaps you might tell me some way of stopping him. Afraid you can't? Well, I dare say you'll think it over. I dare say I shall see you again soon. Thank you all the same. Good night."

* * * * *

He had promised me faithfully he would never come in again like that. When he was certain men were hard workers, he respected them, and he never interrupted them; it was only idle fellows who weren't worth consulting as to their own convenience that he even called upon in the evening.

IX.

ON PEOPLE—ESPECIALLY TOYLER'S.

"OH, you are at home, are you? And you haven't got any belongings up, have you? Certain? Well, that's a comfort. I assure you I've been spending the whole of the last week dropping in casually on men, and having to drop out again, because their rooms are crowded up with people. I went into Stickling's rooms the other day—you know Stickling, don't you?—that man of ours who's always so particular about every thing—just the very last man that the sort of thing ought to happen to—well, I went into his rooms, and, you know, he's got a great screen all round his door, so of course I couldn't see what was going on, and I don't know what possessed me on that particular night, because

I'm usually rather on my good behavior with Stickling, but I called out, 'Hullo, Stickling, old buck, how are you?' and pitched my cap over the screen about at the place where I knew he usually sits. Well, as luck would have it, he'd got all his people in there, old Mr. Stickling, and Mrs. Stickling, and several sisters, not to speak of aunts and cousins distributed all over the place, and my cap flopped right down into the middle of them, right among the tea-things. Then it wasn't, you see, as if I could bolt out again, because I had to go in and get my cap. I assure you I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"I can't make out what men want their people up here so particularly in the May week. Especially as they never do seem really to want them. They always seem to pity themselves and want others to pity them; they say, 'Oh, you lucky fellow, not to have any people coming up.' I don't pity them a bit; if they don't want their people up, why on earth need they ask them? If they haven't the moral courage

to tell them their feelings, if they are their true feelings, on the subject, I say, serves them right if they find themselves tied on to people and having to tow them about all over the place, doing the sights. I'm thankful to say I and my people understand each other, and when I was at home last and heard some of them making plans to come down and stay with me for the May week, I merely said, 'Oh Lor!'—and they knew what I meant.

"Toyler's been having his people up, and he's quite perky about it. Now I can rather understand his enjoying himself under these circumstances, because he's a domesticated sort of fellow, and isn't always grumbling about his people doing this or that, and thinking it rather grand, like some men, to have it supposed he isn't altogether on good terms with them. Besides, he hasn't very many friends up here; and then he's proud of his scholastic life, and likes to air it before his people. I like to see Toyler enjoying himself with his people; but when I see other men going about

through the Colleges, or down at the Races, trying to keep up appearances, and looking as bored as bored can be, why then I only feel thankful I'm not in the same situation.

"You wouldn't think it, now, I dare say, but I believe old Toyler's gone and got himself in love. That is, I'm sure he has; he's got all the symptoms, and got 'em very badly too. He's got his father and mother and one of his sisters up here, and besides them there's a young lady friend of his sister's; at least he says it's of his sister's. I tried to get out of Toyler what relation she was, or what was her reason for being up here at all; but all he said was, 'I suppose she came up to see'—and I think he was going to say 'me,' but he stopped himself and said 'the place' instead. That's what made me think at first that there must be something up between her and Toyler. So I observed Toyler. Because, you see, as I know him at home I've been helping him to entertain his people—getting them tickets for all the things, and trotting them about to the

different sights; because if I hadn't Toyler would never have known what to do about any thing. You know, I was so afraid he'd go and get in a muddle, that I went to him before his people came up, and I said: 'Now look here, Toyler, old boy, I haven't got any people coming up myself, and you don't know any thing about any thing, so you'd much better leave every thing to me: I'll take them about; and then, if you like, you can even do your reading just the same as ever without bothering about your people at all.'

"Very good of me, did you say, considering how I object to having people up? Oh, well, you see, it's rather different when it's other men's people. And then I thought, too, I wanted to relax again a little before finally settling down to read hard for the May, and I thought I might as well do it that way as any other.

"But I really believe Toyler was jealous, because he didn't seem to rise to my proposal at all, or at any rate not half as much as he

ought to have done. I must say his people behave in a most judicious way about him. I fancy he let them understand he was working very hard, so they let him alone all the morning, and amuse themselves between breakfast and lunch by going about the place, instead of loafing about his rooms playing the piano.

"Because, I forgot to tell you, he's actually laid in a piano for this week; and he can't play, and his sister can't play, and I never heard of any one who patronized his mother's playing as far as to order in an instrument specially for her, so he couldn't have got it in for Mrs. Toyler; so it must have been for Miss Awburne—that's the young lady's name—and if a man isn't tolerably far gone when he gets to laying out his money on pianos for young ladies, I'm no judge of human character.

"They've been up two days now altogether. Toyler and I went down to the station to meet them, and we divided off into two cabs. It was like the old story of the man and the

fox and the goose and the bundle of hay; the elders were tremendously exercised as to how to divide us into the right number of permutations or combinations, or whatever you call them. At last we settled it: Mr. Toyler, Miss Toyler, and I in the first fly, and Mrs. Toyler, Toyler, and Miss Awburne in the second. I was very nearly getting into the second fly, because I thought perhaps Toyler and his father might want to have a talk together; but Toyler soon had me out again, I can tell you.

"Then we got in to lunch, and you should just have seen Toyler doing the honors and plunging into the most violent excesses; he ate what would be equivalent to at least four of his ordinary lunches, and he drank a whole half-glass of claret; not to speak of perpetrating two of the vilest attempts at puns that I ever heard, and which I'm sure he must have extracted from some Greek comedian, and been brooding over for some time until they had arrived at an advanced stage of decompo-

sition. You never heard Toyler at a pun, did you? Well, don't. There is very good material in some of them, bnt he can't keep them together; he dissects them and mixes up the fragments till they become quite undistinguishable.

"We didn't do much that afternoon, because the ladies were tired after their journey, but they stopped in, and pulled about Toyler's furniture, and laughed at what they called his uncomfortable ways—all his pet little dodges, you know, which had never struck him as any thing out of the common before, but which I believe he's going to give up now for their sake. And Toyler sat there like a lamb, and let them humbug about and do what they called put things tidy, and only smiled at them, and seemed to think it awfully good fun. I should never have dared to suggest half the things they did. I remember once trying to prove to Toyler how much better a light he could get for writing by shifting his table a bit, and he nearly assaulted me. But

here these two ladies, without by your leave or with your leave, got his chairs and his tables and his sofa and his writing-desk and turned the whole place topsy-turvy, and he seemed rather to like it. Miss Awburne's going to work him a mantelpiece border—she offered to, and Toyler actually accepted it. Now don't you think that's coming it rather strong?

"We had an early feed, and then what do you suppose? Toyler proposed clearing the rooms and having a dance. Mrs. Toyler played the piano: Toyler insisted on dancing with no one but Miss Awburne, and so of course I had to pair off with Miss Toyler. And you should have seen Toyler dancing. Not that he does it particularly well; because he diminishes his gyrations more and more until they finally result in a sort of teetotum movement in one particular spot in the middle of the room: but the great thing is the evident way in which he enjoys himself; one can see that by the way he puts up his head

and beams at nothing in particular out of his spectacles while he's going round.

"I don't know what the Dons can have thought about it, but I hope they won't think Toyler's getting into bad ways. I'm sure he made row enough to make them think any thing.

"Next day, that was yesterday, Toyler must have got up at all sorts of hours in the morning, for he had all his work done by half-past eleven, and declared himself quite ready to go round the Colleges and do all those sort of sights before luncheon. And the way we raced round those Colleges! Talk about doing things in France: I should fancy ours was the fastest time that ever was on record; an average of seven minutes and a half to each College, and Toyler spouting out legends and historical facts and architectural phenomena the whole time. Where he got his information I can't imagine, unless he invented it as circumstances required. He stuck to Miss Awburne, however, the whole time: I

had to entertain Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Toyler chiefly. Not that I minded much—it might have been worse;—they were all very intelligent.

"I had them all to luncheon, and then Toyler sacrificed his digestion, and rushed us all off to the concert. He doesn't understand a note of music under ordinary circumstances, but a great change has come over him in every way, for this occasion only, I suppose—at least I hope so, because it pains me to see poor Toyler so unlike himself,—and he entered into the spirit of the thing entirely, and watched Miss Awburne all the time most attentively, to see when he ought to clap, and when he oughtn't, and when he ought to snuffle, and all that sort of thing. Considering this was his first attempt, he got through it pretty creditably.

"Of course we went to the races that evening; we didn't go in a boat; Toyler hasn't quite worked himself up to the required pitch to risk the hustle; but I shouldn't wonder if he does before he's finished. Toyler was very

great there on boating matters; I think he must have been getting up all these things beforehand in preparation for the May week. He didn't make any howling mistakes, and he only had to appeal to me once to help him out with an explanation, and that was because he had got somehow mixed up with his map, and wasn't quite certain which was which of the Reaches. But he wasn't like a lot of men who, when they are asked things of that sort by their people, seem to think they ought to take offence, and say scornfully, 'Oh, of course that's so and so,' as if any one, inhabitant of Cambridge or not, ought to know all about every thing.

"They're going to stop up here till the end of the week. I think I've managed to get tickets for nearly every thing. That's to say, enough for Toyler and myself and the two young ladies and old Mrs. Toyler. Mr. Toyler is making himself happy with the libraries and things; we've got him in there, and he doesn't trouble us much. You know we have to take

Mrs. Toyler about with us as *chaperone;* not that I can see that she is much use, but I suppose it looks better. I hope she isn't dull, but you see she can't walk about so much as we can, so we have to leave her occasionally. Look here, that's partly why I came round to see you; Toyler proposed that I should bring you in to lunch one of these days: if you came, you know, there would be just three pairs of us, and you could look after Mrs. Toyler.

"Toyler's doing his work now: but I'm to go round after eleven, and then we're going on to pick up the ladies at their lodgings, and going about to do the Fitzwilliam and one or two odd things we've got left over from yesterday. Mr. Toyler is going to the Rede lecture to improve his mind. Then we're going to the Sidney Horticultural Fête, and, if possible, to see that man exert himself for our amusement on a bicycle. Then there are the races of course, and some concert in the evening: and I think that's about all the programme for

to-day, but there may be something else I've forgotten. You'll come, won't you? you'll find it no end of fun. Mrs. Toyler's an awfully good-natured old lady, and you won't have to talk too much: just keep her tolerably well up in the particulars of what she sees, and offer at intervals to carry her umbrella, or her shawl, or something for her, and she'll be perfectly contented.

"If you don't come for any thing else you ought to come and see Toyler. Miss Toyler quite agrees with me, she never saw any one so changed. Why he's actually got a new coat and stick, and he's had his hair cut, and —well, when you see him frisking down the bank like an old penguin with Miss Awburne on his arm, you'll say he's quite demoralized altogether.

"Look in about half after one."

X.

ON FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AND ÆSTHETICISM.

"WHICH way are you going? Come in and have some tea. No, though, I forgot; all my tea's run out. Never mind, come in and have some with Toyler.

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"Toyler doesn't seem to be in. But he isn't sported: so I should think he'd probably be back very soon. Let's go in and wait for him a bit. Or, I'll tell you what: let's make some tea; I daresay he'll be very much obliged to us when he does come in.

"Toyler's got a wonderful machine for boiling his kettle in the summer. That's the worst of living in College, I think; don't you? Either you have to keep a fire always going, and then your rooms get so awfully hot, or

else you have to resort to all these sorts of dodges to get any hot water. Look at this affair Toyler's got. It's a sort of young traction-engine on a new plan: you burn paraffin in it, I believe. Toyler is very proud of it: he brought it up from London; he declares it will eclipse any spirit-lamp, or any thing of the sort that has ever been seen up here before: besides, it's to be an infallible preventive to cold in his bedroom in the winter-time—

"Just put a light to it now, will you? There are the matches. Now we'll have the kettle boiling in no time—

"Because, you know, poor Toyler is a martyr to cold, and he looks forward with dread to the winter coming on. Especially in bed: he hasn't got any particular circulation of his own, or something of that sort, so he has to resort to all sorts of artificial means to keep himself warm. Last winter, as it got colder and colder, he used to pile on more and more things every night till he had used up every

thing he'd got. He put on a railway rug, and then all his great-coats, and then he emptied his linen cupboard, and then he got out all the wearing apparel he had in his drawers, coats, waistcoats, trousers, and every thing; then he put his gown on the top, and all his boots, and his cap over that, and then he turned in. I went into his bed-room one night when he had retired early, and found him like that, and, d'you know, I really thought for a moment that he'd been and committed suicide or something of the sort in one of his strange humors, and laid himself out with scholastic honors.

"But, as I said, this machine is to prevent all this next winter. I believe it's really meant to put into a conservatory, and so it's quite wholesome: I fancy he's going to put it under the bed, and warm himself up that way.

"And another advantage Toyler says it has, is that one can always depend upon it. Now you can't do that with most Etnas, you know. I had one once that you could boil an egg

upon for perhaps three quarters of an hour without producing the slightest effect, and then—pop—suddenly all at once it would take it into its head to act, and the egg would become as hard as a rock.

"I can't make out what Toyler's done with his tea. Oh, here's his caddy, but there doesn't seem to be any thing in it, any more than there is in mine. Tea does certainly go at an awful pace up here. I've got through two pounds this week all by myself—at least my bedmaker says so. I don't know if you've noticed it as a natural phenomenon of Cambridge, how susceptible tea is to the weather: I mean dry tea, you know; but if you don't keep your tea-caddy hermetically sealed, and then put carefully away in some very dark place, where no disturbing influences can penetrate, it evaporates considerably faster than the liquid.

"Oh, yes, I am ironical, I know, but that's only a very mild form. You should just hear me when I want to wither any one up.

"I say, doesn't it rather strike you that something must have gone wrong with this machine? . . . . It doesn't seem to be built for consuming its own smoke, at any rate. . . . . Look here, if you don't open that window sharp we shall be suffocated. . . . . I can't say I think much of this latest thing of Toyler's. . . . . And what an awful row it's making; I hope it isn't going to burst up altogether. . . . . Oh, poof, I say, we must get out of this —unless you particularly want to be reduced to the condition of a Westphalia ham. Here, let's put all the ventilation available open before Toyler comes in, and leave him a note to explain. Or there isn't time; we must dispense with the note; I'll tell him afterward. Come along.

"We must go and see Popple: that's the man, you know, who's got my old rooms. I dare say we shall get some tea there.

"You remember my old rooms, don't you? Well, you'll be surprised to see how awfully Popple's changed them; I declare I didn't

know them when I went into them at first. Popple's one of those men who go in for being æsthetic: not that he knows a bit more about it than you or I,—oh, I beg your pardon, perhaps you do—well, at any rate than I do. I can't abide that sort of thing myself, when a man takes to being æsthetic because he isn't any good for any thing else. Now I can appreciate when a man like Territon—you know Territon, don't you?—oh, well, he's one of our men who goes in for cricket and boating, and works pretty hard, and is tolerably good all round,—well, you see, I can appreciate when a man like him goes in for high art and music, and all that, because one feels that he is the sort of man that does every thing thoroughly,—something like those old knight fellows, you know, who went and chopped off their enemies' heads wholesale, and then came home and twanged rebecks and all sorts of mediæval instruments, and basked in their ladies' eyes,—but when I see a great awkward fellow like Popple, who

isn't any good at any thing, and who is about as much at home in a china-shop as a bull, but who has taken up æstheticism as a last resort for trying to get himself known, then I must say I get angry. I don't call it taste when a man goes into a shop and orders in the whole stock just because it's the thing.

" I've been out shopping with Popple, so I know how he does it. He goes into a shop and he sees a fender, and he asks 'Is that Queen Anne?' Of course the shopman says 'Yes'; and Popple has it. Then he asks 'And those chairs?'—wickerbottomed sort of things, you know, with the legs all expanding to different points of the compass, and no bars to keep them together. 'Queen Anne?' says Popple. 'Well, not exactly,' says the shopman, 'we call them Early Plantagenet'—or something of that sort;—I won't swear to those being his exact words. 'I suppose it's all right,' says Popple; 'you may send them in too.' Then he gets a table with legs at all the wrong places, that it would be impossible to sit at com-

fortably—primitive ancient Briton, I should think, or perhaps even earlier, judging from the carpentry—and an oak looking-glass; and then we moved on to another shop and ordered in a stock of blue plates and Burne Jones' pictures, some of those wonderful disjointed females that always seem to have mixed themselves up with the background—you'll excuse my want of taste, but Burne Jones is a part of æstheticism that I can't bring myself to appreciate, not even under Territon's auspices.

"After that he finished up with a coal-scuttle and some fire-irons, and five or six pairs of moire antique—or whatever you call them—candlesticks, and that was the end of one morning's shopping. Now I don't call that high art or taste, doing it in that wholesale sort of fashion, do you?

"You'd better take care how you go in, or you may knock over some of the bric-à-brac he's got stuck about on little tables all over the place.

"Oh, he isn't in. Just look in, though; did

you ever see any thing like it? Look at the wall-paper, poppies and strange birds and beasts—and it's all upside down. And so are the curtains and the chintzes. Some one's persuaded him that's the right sort of thing, I suppose. I wonder he hasn't put the carpet on the ceiling. Then where on earth is he to write, I should like to know? No respectable person could move an elbow without knocking some china over: once you sit down you're a fixture there—mustn't stir, or you'll break something. Why, look here, there are—let's see—one, two, three—I declare, twelve peacocks' feathers all put about. Now I wonder where he picked up that lot?

"Then look at these tea-cups. Not sensible and round, but with spouts all out at the sides. Now what Christian could drink out of these without spilling half the tea down him. And the tea-pot; as if a high-art thing like that could make tea half so well as an ordinary earthenware one.

"Look here, these are the chairs, and this is

the table. Now, you see, I can't sit down at the table without coiling up my legs in the most extraordinary positions to keep my shins safe from knocking against the table's. Oh, my, what's that? One of these precious chairs gone now! And I've smashed a tea-cup, sitting down so hard, not to speak of hurting myself. Well, if he will have chairs with legs that expand of themselves like these—. But I think we'd better be moving on. I must leave another card on Popple to explain.

"Take care how you steer your way out, or you may smash something else.

"On the whole, our five o'clock tea doesn't seem to have been quite a success. I hope you don't mind, d'you?"

XI.

IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

"GOING round to the University Library?

"Find it quieter to work there, do you? No one in to bother you so much? Yes, I think on the whole you're right. I've been trying a dodge of stopping in all the afternoon, and sporting, and pretending I'm out, but it hasn't answered very well, partly because I caught a cold through standing about at Ditton in the May week,—had to share my umbrella with Miss Toyler, and got soaked in consequence,—and whenever people have come to my door, and have just satisfied themselves that I have gone out, somehow at that moment I'm invariably seized with a sneeze, and so the whole effect is spoilt. Besides, once

or twice I've discovered afterward that I've missed something very important by not opening the door, so that if I hear any one that I think's hesitating about, I generally look out to see who it is, and then if it's any one important, they usually come in for a minute, and perhaps there's the whole afternoon gone.

"But it's getting awfully near the May now, so I'm really seriously going to put it on strong. All right, I'll come round to the Library with you. I dare say we may get through a good bit of work together. Only we must look sharp; we haven't got much time.

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"Just wait a moment, will you, while I run into my rooms and get my cap and gown.

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"I think, you know, it's an awful nuisance having always to go to the Library in a cap and gown. It stops me from going very often when I just want to look up some little reference that I should like to know about, but that is hardly worth putting on one's cap and gown

for. It's an instance, I suppose, of what Political Economists call Final Utility, isn't it?—I've just been dipping into Political Economy lately, just the elements, you know, by way of a change from my other work before I regularly settled down to it—it'll all come in useful some day I suppose, and I hate specializing—but as I was saying, it's got something to do with Final Utility—the value of the reference is just measured by the amount of trouble that it takes me to go to my rooms and get my cap and gown. Isn't that how it ought to be worked out? You're a History man, aren't you?

"But it's just as bad as the Fitzwilliam. You know, Friday's just the day I generally hit on to go and see the Fitzwilliam, because then I've had four days of regular hard work and moderate exercise, and I like to take a sort of half-and-half day; then on Saturday I generally do nothing but get out and get as much fresh air as possible, and on Sunday, of course, there's letter-writing and perfect repose, and

start again fresh on Monday. So make Friday afternoon a combination between improving my mind and taking exercise, and going to the Fitzwilliam is a good way of doing that. I go down there and do a little sculpture and painting, and I generally make the man trot out the Turners; and then I go over them with Ruskin's tips as to what are the correct things to say about each of them—I'm getting rather well up in them now—think I can almost say them off by heart.

"Here we are. Which part are you going to? I shall go and look through the catalogue first, and see if there's any thing that perhaps may come in serviceable some day. Don't go upstairs at such a pace. I was saying,—

"Friday, you know, then, is just the day that's cap and gown day at the Fitzwilliam, and nine times out of ten I forget that, and then it isn't worth while going back for them; so I often have to give it up, end in a loaf round the Botanical Gardens, to study the la-

bels there, and see what there ought to be in each bed, and then perhaps turn in to tea with some one; so there's all my afternoon gone without my mind being much improved, except perhaps a little Botany, and that only in a very mild form, learning a few names without being able to put any plants to them.

"And then there's Sunday, too: I don't see why they should make it so awfully important to be always in cap and gown then. Take the instance of a reading-man who wants to go out for a long walk in the country, and get right away and forget his rooms and work and every thing, and who meets a Proctor who just happens in that particular case not to be looking the other way—well, perhaps he's poor, and can't afford thirteen and sixpence a Sunday, so he loses his exercise. And if he does go out in his cap and gown, though it doesn't matter so much nearer the town, where every one understands what he is, when he gets a certain distance out into the country, there are regions where the rustics aren't educated up to

academical garments, and he finds himself exciting remark, and perhaps ridicule; and though it's all very fine to despise ridicule theoretically, I don't think you'll find more than one man in a hundred who really enjoys it so keenly as he professes.

"Of course it was all very well to insist on students wearing cap and gown when they were about all the garments they had at all, and it would hardly have done for them to appear otherwise; and it's quite right and proper that we should have to go in them to lectures and Chapel and Hall and that sort of thing, because there we're strictly academical and should keep up the character, but on ordinary occasions, like Sunday afternoons, I think it's rather superfluous to expect us to go about in the vesture of one period when we've got that of another on entire underneath; it's like the umbrella question: very often I can't go out to lectures because it's wet, and I object to carrying an umbrella with cap and gown; it's not because, of course, that I mind people

staring at me, but I think it's incongruous: umbrellas weren't things of the same date as caps and gowns, and I hate anachronisms.

"Well, now we are at the catalogue, what are you going to look for? Oh, you've settled your book, have you? And d'you know where to find it? That's lucky for you. Now whenever I come here and have run through the catalogue and fixed on what I'm going to read, what with the simple letters, and the compound letters, and the Roman figures, and the Arabic numerals, and the old English letters, and the Greek letters, and the Syro-Chaldaic symbols—oh, aren't there any? well, there might be, considering the way I get mixed up among all the different sorts of signs that they've devised, I suppose, to make the books less liable to be found, and so perhaps carried off by dishonest persons—well, I never have any time to get any thing done satisfactorily, but I spend it all running up and down inquiring of kind librarians if they can direct me anywhere in the slightest degree near where I want to

get to, and climbing up into perilous places and getting myself all covered with dust—and then very often the book isn't there after all.

"D'you know, I think I'll just have a look at this book here: I don't know much about the subject, but the outside looks interesting, and it's close at hand, so I needn't run any risks straying about. Because the place itself is such a huge place, and there are such a lot of turnings and passages in it, that I really believe if one didn't take care, one might easily get lost in the course of one's wanderings, and be found years afterward mouldering in some out-of-the-way corner, surrounded by pamphlets that one had gnawed up in the last agonies of hunger.

"Let's go into this window-seat. I wish they'd provide more sitting accommodation. They ought to turn that big court out there into a large reading-room, lighted up with the electric light, and all complete, with comfortable seats and pens and ink and things, like the British Museum.

"Only, I suppose, the difficulty is, where is the money to come from?

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"I'll go and look for some chairs. There are a few stray ones about. I can't read comfortably with my legs hanging loose all over the place like this.

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"Well, how are you getting on with your work? I could only find one chair. How can we manage? Oh, look here, here's a step-ladder. Now, if you put your gown on the top of this big dictionary and sit up on it at the window-sill, you'll be able to write your notes as comfortably as in your own rooms—and I'll take the chair. That'll do. Now I'm not going to talk any more.

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"I wish those people wouldn't come here and think that the University Library is meant for them to talk about ordinary sub-

jects. Who wants to know that that man's brother in the country has just married his first cousin? Ten to one their children will all grow up idiots, but that doesn't matter to the world in general. People ought to be made to understand that the Library is made exclusively to read in.

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"Bless me, how they do chatter. Now they're on at the other man's grandmother. Don't you think you could cough very loud, and in an irritated manner? That might stop them.

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"I'm glad his aunt is so well. We shall be able to sketch out a pretty satisfactory genealogical tree if they go on much longer—from information received.

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"Oh, I say, this is unbearable! Now they've got to the weather, there's no knowing when they'll stop.

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"Thank goodness, they're gone now. Now, I couldn't read while they were there, could you? But I'll tell you what—it's nothing to what it was the other day when I was in here. There were two men who came and stood just round the corner, close by where I was,—it was on Thursday,—no, it wasn't, it was on Wednesday, I remember now, because it was that day it rained so hard, and I came in here because I thought I might as well get in a little extra work as waste my time that I ought ordinarily to have been taking exercise in, loafing about,—and they were running up a list—well I don't exactly know what it could have been that they were doing, but it was the most extraordinary—

"Hullo! if that isn't the bell for us all to turn out. We shall have to be off. You won't come round to my rooms on your way home, won't you? Don't think you have the time to spare? All right! Ta-ta."

XII.

ON GOING DOWN—GOOD-BYE.

"HOT! I should think it has been hot. How any one could do any work in the sort of weather we've been having lately, I can't imagine. And as for actually going in for an examination, if it hadn't providentially become cooler, I don't care what any one says, I say it would have been impossible. But, there's old Toyler, who felt it just as much as any one, and more than any one, I should think, because he's disarranged his constitution so awfully, what with one experiment and another, that he can't adapt himself properly to any sort of temperature without using some sort of artificial means—well, there he's been, I say, sticking to his six hours or so a day just as hard as ever. He sported, and re-

moved all his clothes, and sat in his bath and kept continually pouring water over him while he was reading;—at least, he's never let me in lately of a morning, so I bet he's been up to some dodge of that sort.

"Oh, it wasn't that I minded the heat myself: it suited me down to the very ground; only, I say it wasn't altogether conducive to very hard work. I adopted a plan of taking my books and sculling myself, or, better still, getting some one else to scull me, up to Paradise, where they put the chain across, and then getting out and lying on rugs on the grass, or else in the bottom of the boat. Not likely to get much work done that way, do you think? Well, perhaps not: but then you can't say it's actually wasting time; one can always pick up something in the Nature line if one only keeps one's eyes open. Besides it ought to rest one properly, and one ought to have been able to get a lot of work done at night, when it was cooler. Only somehow I always felt just as ready for bed when the time came.

"And after all, you know, except that I should like to do tolerably well in this May, just to make a good finish up, so that the Dons won't be able to say that I was always idling up here, when they talk about me, now that I'm going down—

"What! didn't you know I was going down? Oh, I should have thought every one knew that. Well, though, now I come to think of it, I don't see why it should be absolutely necessary for every one to trouble themselves about my affairs. But I am going down. It's all been settled in this last week. My people have got me a place in some business in the City, and I'm just to go abroad for a little, and then come back and set to work at it. One of those young fellows one always meets about the street hurrying off to lunch—that's what I'm going to be, I believe. Sitting on a high stool half the day, and going about on messages to the Stock Exchange and other places in a high hat with no walking stick, and one's pockets crammed with bills and commissions

and bank-notes the other half—that's all I know of business as yet. Look here, if you say 'general sort of errand boy,' or any thing of that sort, I'll throw something at you.

"I suppose it's all right, and my people have done it all for the best, and all that sort of thing, taking the chance of a living for me when they can get it, instead of letting me dawdle on at the bar, or some profession of that kind, waiting for something to turn up; still I'm awfully sorry to have to go down; I don't think I've ever enjoyed life like I have up here; never knew the time go so fast without one's troubling one's self about it before—and then there *were* such a lot of things I intended to have got done in my last year.

"I wonder if I *should* have done any thing if I had stayed up any longer. I've been thinking over it a good deal lately, I can tell you, and weighing the pros and cons on both sides. After all, you know, it isn't so awfully important in after life whether you have got a degree—a great many people don't care now-

adays whether you've had a University education or not—indeed, I've heard that at the bar they very often give the preference to men who've not been at College at all. And if I find it necessary I can come up and keep the rest of my terms, and go in for an ordinary degree; then I can put on B.A. to my name just as well as any Honor man, and I don't believe any one would take the trouble to inquire any further into the subject.

"Though, by the by, I think it's a little unfair, that, you know. Because if a man's been up here three years, slaving his eyes out to get an Honor degree, he ought to be allowed to go away with something more than the ordinary letters at the end of his name. They might be illuminated; or if that would be too expensive, why shouldn't the Poll men only be allowed to be little b.a.'s, and the big B.A.'s be kept for the Honor men? Or there might be lots of other ways of managing it.

"But as I was saying, it isn't so absolutely necessary to take a degree. Thackeray, for in-

stance, didn't take a degree, and nor did—oh, lots of others—and I don't know that they have come to any particular bad end. And if you come to the actually getting-on part of the business, I'm not sure it isn't rather advantageous not having taken a degree: look at Labouchere and Parnell; they've made noise enough in the world. Not that I should personally care to go on the lines they have: but they seem to like them; and what I meant to say was, that having taken a degree doesn't seem to have been much hindrance to them in following out their own particular tastes.

"And supposing after all I did get my good degree, and my fellowship: well, you know, it isn't so very much when you come to think of it, considering how hard you have to work for it. Some men up here I know make a fellowship the sole end and object of their life. But then they seem usually to get their minds into a very cramped sort of state. There's Toyler, for instance; I believe his idea of eternal bliss is to get a fellowship, and have his rooms

permanently up here, and dine at the high table every night for nothing, and hear the same old Combination-room jokes cut every night—but then you know Toyler has no more ambition in the way of being constantly getting on to something else, like I have, than a cabbage.

"Not but that I can't help admiring Toyler, and I wouldn't hear any one say any thing against him, but still, you know, he is rather an old stick. I often wonder what'll become of him, you know. Perhaps he may turn into a great man. It's very odd, but it doesn't strike you till you look down the prize-lists in the Calendar, and see names like Macaulay's or Tennyson's or Lytton's at the top, and then as you come lower down, any ordinary names, say Toyler's, for instance, that you know perfectly well and don't think much about now, that after all there's no reason why we shouldn't all be just as good as our fathers. Perhaps we may all of us turn into great men. Who knows?

"Yes, you're right, I *have* got into a mor-

of you going on just the same without me, that's what I can't get over. But I dare say I shall make a lot of new friends, and you'll come and see me sometimes, won't you, when I've set up my rooms in town.

"That's another thing in favor of it—I shall feel a great deal more free; no College rules tying one down, just as if one was at school and couldn't be trusted.

"By Jove! there's twelve o'clock—that's the third time this week I've managed to do that somehow; and I've been gated at nine for it already, only I forgot all about it—and I was passing by from another of your men's rooms, and I thought I'd just look in; it's all the heat, it's demoralized me lately, and I haven't got into order again yet—what they'll do to me now, I don't know.

"Good night! Did you say you're going down to-morrow? I'm going to be up about a week longer myself, just to see about packing things. Well,—then,—

"GOOD-BYE!"

LEGEND OF * * * * * * * * * * *

(*Cambridge Review, Lent Term*, 1881.)

A LEGEND OF * * * * * * * * * * *

PREFACE.

A LITTLE College with its front to the street and its back to the river. Two snug little courts, neither of them containing buildings of any great pretentions to architectural beauty, but bearing an aspect of respectability and collegiate placitude suitable to the purpose for which they were intended. Go through the buildings: there is an air of compact comfort everywhere: a little Chapel, and a little Hall, and a comfortable Combination-room: then stroll down into the garden and look down on to the river as it meanders by toward its destination; and when you are satiated with your inspection you will come out and exclaim, "How happy must those be who have attained to this abode of peace!"

PART I.

There was some little excitement at * * * * * * * * * * * *. Not only did it take its proportional share in the general consternation that was then prevalent throughout the kingdom, touching the decease of her late gracious Majesty Queen Anne, but it had a topic of conversation purely of its own—a thing to be talked over in corners and have suggestions made about it, and different views brought to bear on it. The librarian of * * * * * * * * * * * had mysteriously disappeared!

Andrew Buckmarker, the librarian in question, had never been a person of great popularity at * * * * * * * * * * * *. He had come up from nobody knew where, and had pushed his way in a somewhat intrusive manner into a scholarship entirely on his own merits, which was an uncommon thing in those times, even at the most reading Colleges, and certainly quite unprecedented at

* * * * * * * * * * *. How the authorities had ever allowed him to obtain it, no one exactly knew—at any rate it was voted a great scandal by the rest of the undergraduates, and the older and more experienced of them expressed their opinion that it was a sure sign that * * * * * * * * * * * must be going to the dogs. When, however, the first bad impressions had rather worn off, and it was found that Andrew Buckmarker was a harmless sort of man, so long as he was not interfered with, and equally harmless even when he was, and was always ready to oblige any one—that is, he did not resent when any one took his things without asking—some of the more kind-hearted made an attempt to induce him to leave his studies and enter into more sociable relations with his fellow-students. They tried to get him to row, but he excused himself on the plea of a weak heart; then they suggested that he should learn to ride, but he acknowledged openly that he was afraid of falling off; while he put the climax

to his deficiencies by refusing to join in any of the convivialities of the students, on the ground that his time and health could not be spared for indulgence in the variety of a port bottle. And so as a last resource, as he seemed fit for nothing else, he had been made librarian; and since that time he had been left pretty much to himself and his books, as one who was a sulky, unhealthy sort of chap, who wasn't worth troubling about.

And now he had disappeared! It was not that any one cared particularly about him, but it suddenly occurred to the man who usually sat next to him in Hall that he hadn't noticed him there for about a week; and when he communicated it to the man who had consequently become his new neighbor, he remarked the fact too. A common sense of decency ordered that some little inquiry should be made after him: a first search was therefore organized, and he was hunted for in every likely place that any one could think of: then a second, rather more vigorous, because

it partook of more of the element of adventure—the chimneys, the roofs, the cellars, were all explored, but nothing could be found of the missing librarian. Then people took to conjecturing. It was a time when any thing might have happened to him: he might have been set upon and murdered by footpads when out on one of his solitary walks—the police were not so active in those days as they are now;—or, and this seemed to be the more favored opinion amongst those who interested themselves in the matter, he might be in some way connected with the Jacobites, and had been in hiding all this time, until his opportunity arose of taking himself off to join his party in safety. It was curious how everybody had thought so all along, and how many circumstances came to light that nobody had ever thought of remarking on before—he had been frequently heard muttering to himself—he never drank beer in Hall—then there were those mysterious walks of his, such as no * * * man ever took, in the direction

of Trumpington, decidedly savoring of conspiracy—he kept books with mysterious cyphers in them such as $x+x=2x$—one man swore to that—and what seemed most conclusive to all was, that a man who had happened once to have got into rather more familiar conversation with him than usual—"just looked in, you know," he said, excusing himself, "to borrow something," and found him lying down with a towel round his head—had heard him say that he was afraid it would soon be all up with him, and that from the state his head was in he was liable to be carried off at any moment. Every one saw the hidden meaning of these words: the head was of course the Pretender;—or perhaps he might even have been the Pretender himself, lurking there till it was time to appear;—at any rate some great political agent, who, when the great rising took place, would appear again at the head of his thousands, and play a part such as no one would have ever suspected the quiet Andrew Buckmarker capable of. Now

fancy his having kept dark like that all this time !

The usual period of nine days, however, elapsed, and the first excitement having worn off, * * * resumed its old aspect. No one thought any more about the librarian, except that in time it was intimated to another man who kept one or two books, and so was supposed to know something about that sort of thing, that if he liked he might have his name inserted as librarian in the blank space in the Calendar.

PART II.

Nearly a century had passed away. Two Georges had occupied the throne, and a third was now represented by a fourth ; one and another rising of the Jacobites for father and son had taken place and been suppressed, and the intrigues that now occupied the minds of statesmen were of a kind that had their resort rather in the vestibule than on the field. But all this has little to do with our present subject.

It chanced on a certain day, at about this period, that an old gentleman of respectable appearance might have been observed, ringing, first gently, but with increasing violence as his chances of success seemed more and more distant, at the porter's bell at * * * * * * * * * *. The day was hot, and so was the old gentleman, and after he had been ringing for a period verging on half an hour, he began to show signs of losing his temper. At last, muttering something to himself about the peculiarities of the custom of answering bells as observed at Cambridge, he was turning to move away, when he heard a footstep coming along the court, and presently an aged female appeared, attired in a straw bonnet and a dark cotton dress, with an apron, and carrying a coal-scuttle and broom.

"That you been ringing like that all this time?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Ain't much use ringing. There ain't no one'll answer that bell *this* afternoon."

"This is very singular," thought the old gentleman. Then to the old lady: "But I want to make arrangements about placing my son at this College. Cannot I see the Tutor?"

"No, he's gone to the boats."

"The Master, then?" *

"No, he's gone to the boats."

"Are none of the Fellows in?"

"No, they're gone to the boats."

"And the students?"

"They're all gone to the boats."

"Whom can I leave this message with, then? Are not the porter or any of the College servants about?"

"No, they're all gone to the boats."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "are you the only person left in the College?"

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* *Editors to Author:* O but, we say, we have heard this story before quite unconnected with any thing like your legend. Are you sure it is all right?

Author to Editors: Yes, never mind. I dare say you have heard it told of other persons under other circumstances. It used to be a thing of frequent occurrence at * * * * * * * *.

"Yes, and I should have gone to the boats, too, if I hadn't been kept at home by my rheumatiz—which, bless you, sir, the twinges as it sometimes—"

The old gentleman did not listen to her tale of woe, but sat down on a doorstep in despair. "Well, I must wait, I suppose," and he waited, while the bedmaker stood and watched him. Presently he got up.

"Do you think," he asked, "that I might spend my time going round and seeing what kind of a place the College is?"

"Certainly, sir," said the bedmaker, visions of a something for herself rising in her mind's eye, "and I shall be most 'appy to show you round."

They went through the courts, and the garden, and into the Hall, and the Chapel, and the Combination-room; and the bedmaker opened one or two of the men's rooms in order that the old gentleman might form some idea of the privacy of College life. They then went up and down most of the staircases, and when he

had seen all that there was to be seen, the old gentleman thanked her and was proceeding down stairs to make his way to the gate, followed by his guide, who was beginning to have doubts as to whether she had not embarked after all on an unprofitable speculation, when they happened to pass a door which, from the accumulation of dust on the threshold, did not seem to have been very lately used.

"What is in there?" said the old gentleman.

"Don't exactly know," said the bedmaker. "I don't think as it's any of the men's rooms, and I can't say as I've ever seen any one use it. I don't look after this staircase myself, sir, you see. It's hard enough work as it is for the wages I gets, and what with six little children at home—"

"Do you think we could get in?" interrupted the old gentleman, who was anxious to see all that could be seen.

"There couldn't be any harm nohow," said the bedmaker, "we'll try at any rate."

So saying, she took hold of the handle; it was rather rusty, and grated as she turned it. The door was likewise very stiff, and for some time resisted her efforts: but at last it yielded and opened. A cloud of dust was raised in the room by the sudden inflow of air, which rendered it for some time difficult to distinguish objects, but when at last it had partially subsided, there were seen rows of musty and valuable old tomes, arranged neatly in cases round the walls, and a table in the centre. Near the table, on the floor, doubled up as if convulsed with some sudden pain, and clasping a mouldering volume in its bony fingers, lay a skeleton.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "what is this?"

He rushed forward to the table. A paper lay there, covered with what appeared to be materials for a catalogue of books. At the head of it was written:—

ANDREW BUCKMARKER,
his
list of books.

L'ENVOY.

"Mais nous avons changé tout cela."